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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

THE Prime Minister had an audience with the King early on Tuesday afternoon, his visit to Buckingham Palace closely following a summons to Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour. These visits, which seem to be the sequel of Mr. Asquith's journey to Balmoral and the King's interview with Lord Cawdor, a member of the "wild peer" section, have caused much comment, and, under the guise of rebuking the Ministry and their spokesmen, the Opposition Press has hardly concealed its dislike of the King's intervention, such as it is. For our part, we do not suppose that it has gone, either on his Majesty's part or that of the Prime Minister, an inch beyond the proprieties of the case. We can understand that those who are proposing to burn a man's house down have obvious reasons for desiring its master to abstain from making inquiries. But if the King has been informed by Lord Cawdor or another that the Constitution is to be put in the melting-pot, it seems both proper and timely to ask Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne to confirm or deny this account, and to inform his chief adviser that he has consulted these gentlemen. We do not know whether this has taken place, but we are quite sure that nothing more has occurred. Least of all do we imagine that the Prime Minister has either been asked to make proposals on the situation, or has made them. The King, we suppose, has inquired about it. Does anyone suggest that he has not a perfect right to do so?

At Newcastle, on Saturday, the Chancellor of the Exchequer delivered a series of spirited and brilliantly

successful speeches in defence of the Budget, which woke great enthusiasm in his audiences and moved the "Daily Telegraph" to a vein of personal abuse almost worthy of the Duke of Rutland. The chief argumentative feature of these speeches was a graphic recital of the processes under which the Yorkshire and South Wales Coalfields were made to yield the most enormous fines by way of rents and royalties paid to the men who owned the land by all classes and grades of men who worked it. In all, South Wales had paid one and a-half million in royalties and hundreds of thousands in ground rents. As for the railways, every railway train, goods or passenger, contained at least one truck carrying interest on the excessive prices paid to the landlords. The Chancellor was very firm on the Constitutional question. The taxes would go up to the Lords and must be passed—all or none. (Great cheering.) The Commons alone had control of supplies, and they would stand to the rights their fathers had won with blood. The Constitution was sacred as long as it protected wealth. When it threw its mantle over the people it was to be torn to pieces. But if the Lords forced a Revolution the people would direct it, and then issues should be raised of which the Peers little dreamed.

As for the wrath against the Budget, it came from two classes, the Protectionists, who wanted to tax food, and the landlords. The latter hated it because of the valuation, which would end their power to get from four to forty times the agricultural value of their land when it was wanted for industrial or public purposes, and because of the expanding character of these taxes. The Budget was no attack on property, as was shown by the signs of trade recovery. There had, indeed, been a slump in Dukes, who were as costly as "Dreadnoughts," and quite as great a terror. It was against landlords and not against tariffs that the people wanted the protection which the Budget would give. Money was wanted for national defence and for pensions, and public-spirited wealth ought to be honored by the chance of putting "a little money into the poor-box." The speech, with its popular vein and power of illustration, will be read, like the Limehouse oration, by the hundred thousand.

On Thursday the second reading of the Development Bill, persuasively commended by Lord Carrington as a measure for the relief of agriculture and even of righteous landlords, was passed by the House of Lords without a division. Moreover, Lord Onslow took occasion to remark that the financial provision for the Bill was "the affair" of the Government, an *obiter dictum* probably intended for the wrecking peers. But the threats of amendment were ominous. Thus Lord Lansdowne plainly hinted that the House would have nothing to do with the very moderate proposal (which embodies the practice of dozens of local councils) to have regard to the state of the labor market in setting up work under the Bill. He was also for stiffening the Parliamentary control of the expenditure, which points to an infringement of privilege, for assimilating the Road Board to the Development Commission, and for eliminating the power to acquire land bordering on motor roads.

THE execution of Señor Ferrer is the last and, perhaps, the worst crime of the Spanish Clericals against their country. The Government can hardly have believed the political charges against him. The only evidence of his complicity with the Barcelona rising was a document placed in his house by the police—a trick that Hébert used to be fond of; all the other evidence related to alleged incidents in Ferrer's past life on which he had already stood his trial. His real crime was that he had founded the "Modern" School and had worked to free education in Spain from the tyranny of the priest; and, in consenting to mask clerical persecutions behind a trumped-up political charge, the Spanish Government gave a painful exhibition of moral cowardice and of its subservience to the priest-politicians who are ruining the country.

THE execution of Ferrer led to serious rioting in Paris outside the Spanish Embassy; all over Italy there have been violent popular demonstrations against Spain; and this crime is certain to weaken her position in Europe just at the time when she can least afford it. Sir Edward Grey was formally correct when he said that we could make no official representations to Spain about Ferrer's case, but we think it was distinctly due to the dynastic ties between this country and Spain to point out, informally, the dangers of doing violence to popular sentiment. But if the object of the Spanish Government had been to shock the conscience of Europe, it could not have acted differently. It has done its best to prevent the facts from getting out; it has tried Ferrer by court-martial; after the condemnation it spread a rumor that the sentence would not be carried out immediately, and then, as though to leave no opportunity for repentance, it executed the sentence with indecent haste.

THE Irish Land Bill passed the Committee in the House of Lords on Tuesday, and will re-appear next week in the Commons in a form which, we imagine, neither the Government nor the Nationalist Party will accept. On Tuesday the Lords struck out the Government's scheme of compulsory purchase, carefully guarded as it was, and inserted instead Lord Atkinson's proposal, which even Lord Lansdowne declared to be surrounded with a "zareba of precautions." The Atkinson plan proposes that a scheme of compulsory purchase for the relief of congestion must first come before two Estates Commissioners, and then be referred to a tribunal consisting of a Judge from the Superior Courts and two Commissioners. The price of the land was to be fixed by an independent person. There is to be a further reference to the Court of Appeal on questions of law or mixed questions of law and fact. The Government's clause was struck out by 111 to 29, and Lord Atkinson's clause substituted.

WE much regret to see that the issue in the Bermondsey election is to be obscured by a triangular contest between Mr. Hughes, the Liberal candidate, Dr. Salter, the Labor candidate, and Mr. Dumphreys, the Protectionist. Mr. Hughes is a brilliant journalist and no man can better represent the feeling of his party over the Budget. Dr. Salter's qualifications are that he was first in the field, that he is a man of character and ability, and that he continues the progressive traditions in local politics with which Dr. Cooper, the late member, was identified. He is, we suppose, a Socialist, but he is of the stamp of Mr. Graham Wallas, who for years has been a chief stand-by of the Progressive Party. We

should have thought that, as Dr. Salter's programme, though advanced, is moderately expressed, the electors might have been left to make their choice between him and Mr. Dumphreys. Many Liberals would have liked to see a junction between the more and the less advanced forces on the practical issue which happens to unite them.

WE are very glad to announce the formation of the People's Suffrage Federation, the basis of whose appeal is a general demand for the vote for men and women on a short residential qualification and independent of property or tenancy. This movement seems to us to bring the question of women's suffrage into line with democracy, and to associate it far more closely with the purpose and meaning of Liberalism than any of the sister agitations. Liberals have been compelled to quarrel not only with the methods of the Women's Social and Political Union but with its purpose. No such quarrel can arise on the claim of the new Federation, which aims at crowning the general political movement of democracy with a final measure of enfranchisement. The Federation appears to be strong in its *personnel* and in the body of opinion already identified with it.

LADY CONSTANCE LYTTON and Mrs. Brailsford, who were sentenced to a month's imprisonment at Newcastle on their refusal to be bound over to keep the peace after small breaches of public order, have both been released, on medical grounds, after two days' imprisonment. We are informed, however, that forcible feeding has been resorted to in the case of the women left in gaol. We regret so early a resort to this practice, and we do not see the need for it. The offences for which these women were convicted at Newcastle were trifling and almost formal. If they insist on going to prison and on starving themselves there, a few hours' confinement ought to suffice. In such cases we greatly dislike the resort to forcible feeding, and do not see the necessity for it, however humane the intention of the authorities may be, and however indefensible the tactics that have brought this method into practice. Of course, if the suffragettes proceed to serious bodily assaults, the case will be altered. In such cases trifling sentences, followed by early release from prison, could not be defended. But we hope that, in their own interests, the suffragettes will abstain from such practices. If they do, the Government, we think, will be wise to withdraw their consent to forcible feeding.

THE concluding words of the Beresford Committee's Report had led one to expect that a Naval General Staff would be formed on which all high executive officers would have served in their turn. The Committee evidently felt that something of the kind was advisable in view of the marked differences of opinion that existed in the Navy on some fundamental questions of strategy and tactics. But the new War Council, the formation of which has been announced this week, is not a General Staff nor is there any obvious connection of idea between them. This multiplication of Boards may be a serious matter, and there are several difficulties about the new War Councils that need clearing up. At present, the First Sea Lord is responsible (amongst other matters) for preparedness for war mobilisation, and for the efficiency of the Intelligence Department. His work is now transferred to a Board sitting under the presidency of the First Sea Lord. How will this change affect the responsibility of the First Sea Lord for the advice that he offers on these questions? What, again, is meant by the preparation of "war plans" which is assigned to the new

Board? And how, again, is the new arrangement likely to affect the efficiency of the Intelligence Department? It is obviously left in some need of improvement when one remembers how grossly at fault was its information about German shipbuilding in the spring. But to divide the work of the department into halves and to give one half to a new Board does not seem the natural way to improvement.

* * *

A VIGOROUS campaign of public meetings in the towns of England and Scotland has been arranged by the National Committee for the Break-up of the Poor Law. The first of these meetings was held in St. James's Hall last Tuesday, with the Bishop of Southwark in the chair, and Mrs. Webb, the Dean of Norwich, and Mr. Bernard Shaw as the chief speakers. A large and earnest audience listened to the eloquent appeal of Mrs. Webb in favor of a constructive scheme, upon the lines of the Minority Report, for draining the "morass of destitution," and for stopping the sources of poverty and unemployment which visibly and unceasingly feed that morass anew. Though the absorption of the public mind in other aspects of current politics may confine this educative work within rather narrow channels for the present, the Minority Report is very widely sold and read, and the Committee is receiving large accessions to its ranks, having increased since last July from about nine hundred to nine thousand.

* * *

A REMARKABLE situation has arisen between the State Department in Washington, President Taft, and Mr. Crane, the newly appointed Minister to China. Just as Mr. Crane was on the point of departure for Peking, an article appeared in a Chicago newspaper—Mr. Crane is the head of a Chicago firm—stating that the United States Government was about to protest vigorously against the clauses in the recent Sino-Japanese agreement, which gave certain mining concessions in Manchuria wholly into the hands of Japan, and, in regard to all those on the main Manchurian and the Antung-Mukden lines, gave Japan the right of exploitation jointly with China. Mr. Knox, the Secretary of State, summoned Mr. Crane to Washington and asked him to resign, on the ground that he had betrayed confidential information to a newspaper; the offence was aggravated, it appears, by the fact that the deliberations of the State Department were still in progress. Mr. Crane, however, retorts that he was only carrying out instructions given him by President Taft, who had told him that anything which he said to the newspapers should be "red-hot." The President, whatever his responsibility, leaves the matter to the State Department, and, of course, Mr. Crane becomes doubly impossible as a Minister to China after dragging in Mr. Taft.

* * *

THE personal question, however, is unimportant compared with the certain information that the United States is dissatisfied with the latest Japanese proceeding in Manchuria. The fact is that Japan, by constant pressure on China, is squeezing out of her every railway and mining concession possible in Manchuria; she permits China to share in the development of some of these concessions, but other Powers are practically barred out. The United States, which took a firm stand some time since against Russian and Japanese pretensions with regard to Chinese sovereign rights in the railway zones, is not minded to see the principle of the Open Door infringed to the possible injury of American interests. The question may easily give rise to serious friction.

THE powerful, subtle, and rather enigmatical man who succeeded M. Clemenceau as French Premier made an important speech at Périgueux on Sunday. For an ex-Socialist, indeed, an ex-organiser of Socialists, M. Briand went far in the direction of continuing and confirming M. Clemenceau's policy of Republican "concentration." He pleaded for a Republic which would "attract" all Frenchmen and make "fundamental" opposition absurd. He spoke tolerantly of the Church, said that social reform must be conditioned by the country's resources, looked forward to profit-sharing as a method of industrial appeasement, hinted very vaguely at a modification of *scrutin d'arrondissement*, and called for peace and the development of national as against petty local spirit. The Moderate French Press applauds the speech, but it will be curious to see whether M. Briand develops these "middle" sentiments on Radical or on Conservative lines.

* * *

A PATHETIC and far from untruthful *communiqué* has been sent to the "Times" on behalf of the King of Greece, who claims, with justice, the great diplomatic services his house has rendered to its adopted country. The article adds the definite statement that in addition to general assurances of support from the four protecting Powers in the matter of Crete, the King received from one of them a definite promise that the matter should be settled in accordance with the wishes of the Greek people. This is a rather scandalous example of the weakness which besets European diplomacy when it acts in concert. We devoutly hope that the Power was not England. If not, who was it?

* * *

THE great work of constitutional government in China was formally inaugurated on Thursday by the election of provincial deliberative assemblies for the twenty-two provinces. The average number of voters for each representative is said to be 1,000. The central part of the Constitution—the setting up of a Parliament without power over the Executive—will be complete within eight years, following the plan adopted by the Constitution-makers of Japan.

* * *

SOME interesting correspondence has passed between Herr Hauszmann, a Radical deputy, and Bebel on the possibility of co-operation between the German Radicals and Socialists, the latter of whom have just won a dramatic victory at Coburg. On ultimate principles the two agreed to differ, but Bebel promised his support to any genuinely progressive measure brought forward by the Radicals. The correspondence carries the tendencies shown at the Leipzig Conference a step further, and shows how Marxian tactics are giving way to the opportunism of the English Labor Party. Unfortunately there is no indication that the German Radicals are disposed to take advantage of so favorable a turn. Dr. Barth, who preached, in and out of season, a working alliance between the Social Democrats and the Radicals (one cannot say Liberals, for the German National Liberal Party has long since ceased to be either Liberal or National), has died without leaving a leader capable of effecting a union of forces, so much in the interest of German politics. The Radical papers, with few exceptions, still incline to a renewal of that working arrangement with the Conservatives which has completely destroyed their influence in the present Parliament. United, the Social Democrats and Radicals might attain a majority in the Reichstag; if they remain divided the balance of power remains with the Clericals.

Politics and Affairs.

MISPLACED MAGNANIMITY.

THE Unionist Press is apparently unable to divest itself of the illusion that the control of public affairs is in the hands of its leaders advised by itself. Possessed with this conceit of plenary power, it adopts an attitude of beneficent patronage towards the Government, which has its humorous side. Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd-George are, in its view, rash men who have got themselves into an impossible position; in which, moreover, they have in a degree entangled Lords and Commons and the entire Constitution, including therein as an integral element the prospects of Tariff Reform. Under these circumstances the Unionist workers are prepared to show great magnanimity. They prepare plan upon plan whereby the Government is to be enabled to extricate itself from this impossible situation. The latest of these proposals with which the "Times" amused clubland on Tuesday is that a Bill should be prepared to put the Budget to a popular vote. This is, in the first place, to recognise the right of the Lords to appeal to the people on the Budget, and to throw out that which has been for more than two hundred years the keystone of our Constitution, the absolute control of finance by the House of Commons. For this surrender the only motive suggested is that of saving a constitutional crisis, but as that crisis will never arise if the Lords act constitutionally, one would say that an appeal to them might be tried in the first instance by their friends. One might suppose, further, that for this immense sacrifice some valuable consideration might be expected. It might be supposed at least that the popular vote would be taken as settling the matter. Not at all. The condescension of the "Times" does not go so far as this. It may be expected, it thinks, that the House of Lords would bow to the popular voice, but if not, a dissolution would follow. Having sacrificed the main principles of the Constitution in order to secure the Budget and avoid a crisis, Liberals are to find themselves without their Budget and with the crisis full upon them. We know the view taken in the Unionist Press of their political morality and seriousness, but really our contemporaries might give them credit for some sparks of political intelligence.

The matter would not be worth discussing if it were not for a confusion on the subject of the Referendum which it involves, and which may mislead many who would not for a moment be impressed by the suggestion of the "Times." When the Referendum is spoken of, as it is by some Liberals, as a possible solvent of the Constitutional difficulty, what is contemplated is always a Referendum on legislative questions alone. No Liberal of the smallest influence or authority, so far as we are aware, has ever advocated disturbance of the existing well-recognised supremacy of the House of Commons in finance. This authority we have called the keystone of our Constitution. On it depends the control of the Executive by the representatives of the people, and to take away the control of finance would be to take away the responsibility of Ministers to the Commons and

their absolute dependence on a Parliamentary majority. For any such change there is, from the democratic point of view, no shadow of reason. With regard to legislation the case is different. The Commons have in this sphere not won that complete control which they obtained long since over supply, and it is here, and here only, that a change is required. It is in this connection, and this connection only, that Liberals have so much as discussed the Referendum as a possible alternative to the existing veto of the House of Lords. With regard to finance no change is required, and none is admissible. The situation is one admitting of no compromise. So much we have no doubt Mr. Asquith has told the King. Not only does it admit of no compromise, but, we may explain to our Unionist contemporaries, it is a situation in which all the difficulty and all the danger is for their side. Their kindness to us is really misplaced. We have neither anxiety nor doubt. We are confident of absolute constitutional right and of solid public support. We are sorry that they should disturb constitutional precedent, because any rash action of the kind will tend to extinguish our traditional belief in an unwritten Constitution, because we dislike violent changes and shocks to public security. But our own position in this case we believe to be as impregnable as it is certainly immovable. They will do well to exercise, in setting their own house in order, the ingenuity and inventiveness which they are at present devoting to our supposed benefit.

So far as the immediate crisis is concerned, negotiations and rumors of negotiations leave Liberals unmoved. They know that whatever Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour may say to the King, Mr. Asquith has only one thing to say. If they have any anxiety, it is that nothing should be done in the crisis of the moment to militate against the success of the entire campaign against the veto, to which more than ever the party now stands committed. From this point of view it seems to us a singularly ill-considered suggestion that Mr. Asquith should obtain the King's consent to the creation of peers for the purpose of carrying the Budget. There can in future be one and only one object for which the wholesale creation of peers can be legitimately employed, and that is one which shall make any subsequent creation for ever unnecessary. The battle against the veto is joined all along the line. At one point in the battle the creation of peers, or the King's assent to their creation, may become a necessary though deplorable step. That point will be reached when the Bill for the removal of the present veto on legislation exercised by the Lords has been sent to them by the House of Commons, and rejected by them. To carry that Bill it may be necessary to make a large batch of peers, and this will be justified, because those created will be pledged to destroy their own power. No other occasion would excuse any such course, for on any other occasion it would be fraught with dangers and absurdities. As to the present crisis, it needs no such remedy. If the Budget is thrown out, the appeal to the people follows, and it will be an appeal not only on finance, but on legislation; not only on this year's work, but on all that the Lords have done and can do to mutilate and

destroy democratic legislation. It is not we who have to fear such an appeal, or who need the kindness of our opponents to build us golden bridges by which we may escape the encounter.

THE OFFENCE OF THE BUDGET.

THOSE who write the history of the Budget of 1909 will not fail to note how all the license of procedure and nearly all the violence of speech which that instrument has excited have proceeded from its Conservative opponents and not from its Radical supporters. The Budget itself has been debated at unprecedented length, and has been conducted through the House of Commons by its author with a moderation of language and method for which, under the modern rule of closure, only its predecessor of 1894 affords a precedent. No great progressive measure has ever been so freely amended in the interests of its opponents; we may add that no large new scheme of taxes has ever been so mildly and tentatively—we had almost said so timidly—initiated. Never has a Government thrown a powerful and deliberately conceived measure more open to all kinds of criticism, or allowed a weak Opposition, unable to create the slightest schism in the firmly arrayed ranks of the Ministry, or to produce any impression of popular authority behind it, so large a share in amending it. Doubtless when the Chancellor has gone to the people, he has made clear the full significance of the land taxes, and the great social and economic grievances which lie behind them. He has given hard instances, not one of which has been shaken, of the way in which the landlords have "held up" the various associations and interests—town councils, railroad companies, mine exploiters, housing committees, water boards, retail traders, and the countless smaller efforts of laboring folk—in their business of developing and ministering to industrial and social needs.

But in this process Mr. Lloyd George has shown little or nothing of the sharp, cold bitterness with which Mr. Chamberlain expounded the unauthorised programme. To any close observer of the character of men and the effect of words he has appeared little less placable on the platform than on the Treasury Bench. He has indeed "chaffed" the abusive dukes, and he has certainly treated them with no more respect than their language and spirit require. But the characteristic mark of the Limehouse and Newcastle speeches is that he has addressed the masses in language which they understand, using the simple, vivid, concrete lines of illustration and argument in which for centuries their religious leaders have expounded the Bible to them. The result has been to impart a reality to certain important and deep-lying facts of our social life which they have never acquired before. The Limehouse and Newcastle speeches are going "like wildfire," not because of their extreme doctrine or their class bitterness, but because they give our people the two things of which they stand most in need, hope and a vital interest in affairs—because they have quickened and illumined their sense of politics.

What therefore explains the grotesque anger of the Opposition Press? In the imagination of the "Daily Telegraph," this fresh, lively, acute, essentially good-tempered personality, is hideously magnified till it becomes a monster of coarse and revolutionary violence. The Chancellor is "a Jacobin," a "fustian Cleon," a "Communist"; he resembles the "semi-barbarian leader of a horde of brigands." When he asks if the scheme of things requires that while one man receives while he sleeps as much as one year's labor of another will produce, his working brother is only to obtain a pittance of eightence a day after a life of toil, and that by means of a revolution, he is told that he speaks after the manner of Marat and Couthon and St. Just. He is not like M. Briand, a "civilised man"; he is "a reviler and a demagogue," with "a mountebank manner"; a "political gamin," who revels in the "slang of the gutter," and, in the eyes of the chaste logician of the "Telegraph," never uses argument, and employs only the "incendiary levity" of an "inconsequential mind." Oh, that England were once more in the hands of a Gladstone!

It may be some support for Mr. Lloyd George to remember, as he seeks shelter from this storm of outraged snobbery, that the organ which once plied Gladstone with the flattery of the sycophant quickly proceeded to pelt him with the venom of the renegade. No public man in this country, especially if he does not come from the classes who think that both political power and private amenities of the more exclusive kind are their special perquisite, escapes the last salutation. The first he can always obtain by going over to the party of privilege. To desert that sacred caste is indeed a kind of *lèse-majesté* in British statesmanship. When Gladstone left "the classes" on Home Rule, the Duke of Westminster solemnly cast out his portrait from the tainted halls of Eaton. Shall it be permitted to a mere "Welshman," an "attorney," to tread the unhallowed ground where the great leader defied the Whig aristocracy, and cast himself on the support of "the masses"? But, indeed, there is a body of substantial public as well as personal causes for the hatred thus felt and expressed for the Budget and its author. The first is, no doubt, that it has not only ripped up a great social and economic abuse, but, as soon as its machinery of taxation is in full working order, will put an end to it. Under our British land system, the public has been at the mercy of the landlords. Under the valuation established by the Budget, the landlords will be, not, indeed, at the mercy, but under the control of the public. No more of those arbitrary accumulations of bloated values with which every commercial arbitrator is familiar. No more of that quiet, easily worked, almost unconscious, conspiracy of social forces which enables people like the Duke of Northumberland and Mr. Walter Long, without lifting their fingers, to secure "increments" against the public purchaser, not of tens, but of scores per cent. This, and the fact that, as the Budget expands, it creates an increasing and permanent claim on "social wealth," and makes it, in fact, the bulwark of democratic finance, and

the purse into which the social reformer will dip automatically for the wherewithal of social progress, are enough to explain the hostility to the land taxes.

But there is a further reason. There is no need to disguise the fact that the picture which Mr. George and Mr. Churchill have drawn of the state of industrial England is an avowed appeal to social discontent. So was Mr. Chamberlain's programme. So was the social writing of Ruskin and Carlyle. So was much of the economic teaching of John Stuart Mill. If it be added that the Socialist movement has given force and direction to this widespread conviction that the extremes of modern poverty are incompatible with Christianity and civilisation, we have only to say that such a force was bound to arrive, and must be reckoned with. It is not identical with Liberalism, and never can be. Liberalism is a method of politics adapted to the modern State, and accepting the institution of private property, with the implication that, as Mr. Churchill well said at Leicester, it must be based on "reason and justice." Socialism is still an attempt to reconstruct society from the bottom on the basis of complete public ownership of the means of production and distribution. Its full analysis of the sources of wealth is not true, and cannot be accepted. But from its emotional picture of the worst results of the industrial system as we have applied it in England, and from its investigation of the nature of rent and profit, valuable lessons have long been drawn by orthodox statesmen and economists; and, in turn, Socialism has accepted large modifications of its earlier theories. The land question, in particular, is one on which all forces of advanced thought, Socialist, non-Socialist, and even anti-Socialist, Radical and Liberal, here, in Europe, in the Colonies, in the United States, have long had a measure of agreement. The Budget simply stamps and seals that concordat. It does not, as Mr. F. W. Hirst, the editor of the "Economist" and a strong anti-Socialist, shows in the "Contemporary Review," tax capital. It taxes certain forms of *wealth*, great masses of which are never likely to become industrial capital. It is designed to add to the working "stock" of a nation's "capital," and to diminish the more luxurious and non-effective use of its "wealth." It creates—and here is its signal offence in the eyes of the Dukes—a real and truthful moral and economic distinction between use and superfluity—between wealth that goes to classes who live on the community, however ornamentally and plausibly, and to those who work for it. And that is a "new fact" in working British politics.

But the final cause for the explosion of hatred over the Budget is that we have in England the seeds of a reaction which for sheer violence of pretension is also a fresh phenomenon in the State. It is high time for Liberalism to cease the defensive and to begin the attack, for the enemy is at the gate. During the last twenty years the House of Lords has dared to assume a function in public policy which, save for the futile demonstration of 1860, it never claimed since the Revolution. From the theory of the right to revise Liberal Bills to that of destroying them, from the theory of destroying

Bills to that of crushing a Government and forcing a Dissolution, from that usurpation to the crowning audacity of meddling with Supplies and shattering the Constitution at the centre of its authority and regulative force, this House has advanced as rapidly as it has declined in representative character and on its right to speak for any party but the most reactionary forms of Toryism. It has to-day formed the fantastic notion that these are its rights, and that to it every form of aggrieved monopoly shall look as its saviour. The Budget campaign has not only raised against this pretension forces of unexpected magnitude, but it has revealed a man of the people who can give them the sharpest meaning and the clearest purpose. Hence these tears.

THE SPANISH PERIL.

THE execution of Señor Ferrer is a crime, and a stupid crime. It bears an ominously close resemblance to those deeds of blind and unscrupulous panic that history has marked as the forerunners of revolution. The Parisian mob that attempted to sack the Spanish Embassy, the Genoese workmen who declared a general strike, registered the instinctive judgment of Europe. Spain is a land curiously impervious to foreign opinion, but the Spanish Government can hardly in this case be unaffected by the unanimous verdict of civilisation. The personality of Señor Ferrer, his life-long labors for the liberation of the Spanish mind from the shackles of Clericalism, the unusual, secret, tainted procedure adopted at his trial by a military court, and the still more tainted evidence that he declared to have been drummed up against him, the cause for which he fought and the forces which fought him—all this lent to the enormity of his execution a significance and a poignancy that have horrified mankind. If there is one tribunal which the experience and instincts of all peoples have long since condemned it is a court-martial for the trial of political offences. If there is one power that is held universally suspect it is the power of Clericalism as it exists in Spain. Both these agencies joined hands to compass Señor Ferrer's death. Political tyranny, rendered doubly tyrannical by the influence of fear, conspired with a theocracy still permeated with the views and passions of the sixteenth century to make an end of a brilliant and disinterested worker in the cause of intellectual enfranchisement. Their triumph may well prove their doom. It may have needed Señor Ferrer's death to complete the work to which his life was devoted. For no one can doubt that from now onwards every healthy element of revolt in Spain will derive from what has happened a new and sustained impetus. No one can doubt that the social and political system of the Peninsula is about to be assailed as never before. Spain has been often convulsed but never reorganised. She is the only country in Europe that has escaped the transforming effects of the Reformation and the French Revolution. Republics, military dictatorships, and flabby dynasties have changed again and again the decorative externals of the State. But there has been no revolution from the bottom up. Now, however, the tokens multiply of a genuine *risorgimento*; and Señor Ferrer's grave

may yet prove, as he would have wished it to prove, the grave of oppression.

Canovas several years ago declared that there were in Spain many, if not most, of the signs of an impending upheaval. Except superficially things have not improved since then. Freed from the drain of her overseas dependencies, Spain has, no doubt, been more prosperous and more pacific during the past ten years than in any decade of the nineteenth century. But a rising credit, an expanding commerce, and the influx of foreign capital cannot touch the deeper sources of social and political disease. The country is "run" by a few thousands of professional politicians, who are "in politics" for what they can make out of it. Spanish politics begin and end with the question of spoils. The parties that call themselves "Liberals" and "Conservatives" have no principles except the principle of allowing one another a reasonable turn in office. The elections, so far from being a test of public opinion, are the nullification of it. The average Spaniard rarely takes the trouble to vote at all. If a man of education and breeding, he looks down on the politicians much as a New York Mugwump regards a Tammany Alderman. If a peasant or small trader, he is apt, like the Italian peasant, to think of the suffrage as a trick invented by the police to get him into trouble. Government is merely a matter of arrangement. No Spanish Ministry has yet failed in its appeal to the country, and none ever will so long as the wire-pullers stuff ballot-boxes and marshal "repeaters," and bring dead men up to vote on a hint from headquarters. The Premier of the moment controls not only all the great offices of State, but every mayoralty, prefecture, and collectorship in the land. The country, in consequence, is flooded with carpet-baggers from Madrid, whose notion of official duty is the making of hay while the sun shines. Their tenure is precarious at best; none of them knows when another "Ministerial crisis" may not supervene; their salaries are small and, as a rule, in arrears; they must plunder to live. And plunder they do. It is mainly their depredations that have given point to the Catalonian cry for Home Rule. Not only is Spain a congeries of races and provinces that have never really fused, not only do the Catalans look down on the Castilians as mere talkers, but all provincial industries and institutions are plundered or repressed by the spoilers of Madrid.

What adds to the peril of the situation is that the idea of reform by argument and popular agitation is one that bitter experience has almost driven out of the Peninsula. Seven-tenths of the people of Spain can neither read nor write, and illiteracy in revolt knows of no weapon but force. A profound scepticism of their public men and institutions, such as one notices among the Italian peasants, and to some extent among the middle classes of France, pervades and demoralises the Spanish people. They believe, and it is the sort of belief that makes for revolution, that no Spaniard can honestly become rich. The idea of even-handed justice between man and man, rich and poor, has almost vanished from their consciousness. The well-to-do can pay and bribe to escape military service and taxation, and the burden of the national revenue falls on the

earnings of the poor. Stupid regulations strangle commercial development, and it is the petty trader, the small farmer and artisan, who feels them most. Taxation grows heavier and more obnoxious, and yet the income of the State little more than suffices to cover the annual interest on the debt. The peasantry are struggling under a system of *latifundia* which makes the agrarian problem in Andalusia probably more acute than in any other part of Europe. The hope that the King might yet "find himself" and lead the nation against the politicians grows daily less tenable. He means well, we believe, but he is vapid, inexperienced, without strength of will, and absorbed in pleasure; and the short-lived enthusiasm evoked by the English marriage has already given way to the traditional Spanish jealousy of the foreigner. Moreover, the dynasty has made the political mistake of allying itself with Clericalism. Reactionary where it is not revolutionary, the Church in Spain is equally the foe of progress, order, and intelligence. The immunities it now enjoys, collectively and individually, from the operation of the civil law and from the taxes that fall all the more heavily on the lay majority, its control of education, the rapid multiplication of monasteries, convents, and Jesuit seminaries, which elsewhere are disappearing from the Catholic world, its influence at the Court, in politics, and over the domestic life of the people, its non-economic and anti-economic tendencies, its corruptions and irregularities, and especially its immense holdings of property, and the increasing pressure of its industrial competition, are hurrying on a crisis that will be both violent and prolonged. On the top of all these elements of disaffection, Spain finds herself plunged into a harassing war in Morocco from which there is neither credit nor profit to be reaped, and which may yet lead her to some such disaster as overwhelmed the Italians at Adowa. A many-sided crisis is visibly closing in upon her. In what form she will emerge from it really matters less than that she should have to face no crisis at all. The reason is simple. There is some hope in revolution; there is none whatever in the pessimism of a people and the stagnation of their national life.

THE GROUNDS OF ANGLO-GERMAN PEACE.

WE hope that our statesmen are not too busy to heed the opening of Lord Courtney's series of articles on "Peace and War," in the "Contemporary Review," and Professor Delbrück's interesting, though unconscious, application of some at least of their principles to the Anglo-German situation. Lord Courtney, indeed, is plainly leading up to that situation, which constitutes the one plain danger to European peace. It has been greatly ameliorated. Our own war-scare has passed away, and the ground for it cannot be re-occupied, because in a few months Mr. Balfour will not be able to open his mouth without convicting himself of the falsity of his statements as to the prospect of Germany possessing twenty-one or twenty-five completed "Dreadnoughts" in 1912. We know now that about eleven or twelve constitute the limits within which we may approximately fix the German strength in

"Dreadnoughts" in that year. Other aids and fortifications to the cause of peace have appeared. The apparition of Austrian "Dreadnoughts" is already discredited, and within Germany itself, with the advent of a new Chancellor, a powerful backing has been found for the protest against any enlargement of the revised Naval Act, and in favor of a reversion to the earlier policy of strictly subordinating naval to military armaments. If these influences gain ground, and are not defeated by an extreme naval programme on this side and by the anti-German propaganda which gave the German Navy League much of its original hold on public opinion, Germany will, we hope, swing gradually back to her natural orbit as a land rather than a sea Power, and the way will be clear for an Anglo-German understanding.

It is, however, of great importance that the friends of peace should concern themselves not merely with the passing phases of Anglo-German politics, but with its governing considerations. Lord Courtney founds his parable of peace on the saying that while every past war was made "inevitable" by the "temper, traditions, and historic circumstances" of the men and nations who brought it about, no war is "inevitable" till it has actually broken out. The two cases which he examines in support of this theory are those of the United States and France, in their more recent relations to our Government. Both were much worse, all through the period of disturbance, than the Anglo-German embroilment has ever been. In each instance there was the memory of past conflict. In regard to France, this conflict had been of the most embittering and humiliating kind, and, with respect to the States, the memories of the past were aggravated by our gross partisanship in the matter of the Civil War. For long years the diplomacy of both countries was vexed by direct battles of policy, and even by incidents approaching actual bloodshed. The seizure of Mason and Slidell, the Confederate envoys, on board the "Trent," brought the two countries to the verge of hostilities, while the doings of the "Alabama" and the attempt to atone for them by way of arbitration made even the great Minister who negotiated the terms of settlement despair of a peaceful issue. The most urgent efforts on both sides of the Atlantic were necessary to keep the peace during the controversy over Venezuela, and Lord Courtney recalls the story of a distinguished American lady who at that time was on the point of leaving her English home and husband rather than endure the habitual tone of English society towards America. And yet in a few short years the character of our relations to the States has changed so completely that it is possible to look over a wide horizon and reduce to a very small compass even the remoter possibilities of war between the two countries.

Much the same may be said of the Victorian relations between France and Great Britain. Cobden describes the gathering and dispersal of three French panics within the limits of his own career. Others occurred before and after. There was Egypt, which arose under almost every form of French Government since 1815. There was Tahiti, there were Louis Philippe's Spanish marriages, which caused such a swift

and passionate revulsion in Queen Victoria's mind from her warm friendship with the Orleans family. Relations were not less critical under the third Napoleon and the third Republic. There was the Orsini outrage and the annexation of Savoy. There was the perilous and imminent confrontation of Fashoda, and there was Siam, as to which Lord Rosebery has himself informed us that the two countries stood within a few hours of war. Not only have England and France survived all these incidents; their power for mischief has practically been extinguished by the *entente*.

As to Germany, it is not necessary even to perform this act of oblivion. There is nothing to forget. We have never gone to war with her, and Prussia, the State out of which she grew, was an English ally. We have not even had a direct "incident," for at Casablanca we merely acted as buffers to stay the shock of French and German diplomacy. It is necessary, therefore, to examine the wider field of world-ambitions in order to discover on what the theory of an inevitable Anglo-German war rests. Professor Delbrück is an excellent witness on this point, because he is very far from being a pacifist, and supports the conventional claim of British and German statesmen that the two Powers should maintain a balance of power by means of "strenuous armaments." But he strongly denies the special German pretensions on which our "inevitablists" build their case. Germany is no longer an emigrating but an immigrating Power, and therefore the vision of the 200,000 German babies who must expand at the expense of British territory and power need not distress us. She does not dream of invading England, and treats our ideas on this subject as "illusions or party politics," nor does she aim at a parity of strength with our Navy. She is willing to remain a secondary maritime Power, and to accept the implications of that position. She knows that a policy of anti-English aggression would be her ruin, for no Power desires the disappearance or the humiliation of the British Empire, and all would regard such an attempt as a signal of German world-domination, to be at once resisted by arms. What she does envisage about us is practically what we contemplate about her. She thinks, with our new possessions in the Mediterranean, in Africa, and elsewhere, that the world in which she is most interested is in danger of becoming English. So she desires to be strong enough to protect her commerce, thinking that the idea of an English seizure of the German fleet is far more real than that of a German invasion of England, and also to impose a measure of "caution" on British diplomacy. In a word she thinks that, considering her progress as an industrial and world-Power, she cannot gain her proper weight in the sphere of diplomacy unless she has a fleet strong enough to make us regard her susceptibilities and interests.

This seems to us a highly simple, manageable position, which, when we have made due allowance for the *fanfares* of the popular Press, is compatible with a hundred years of peace between the two countries. British Liberalism does not, of course, acknowledge the ambitions with which Germany credits us, and would not permit its leaders to foster them.

Even our neo-Imperialism is rather a thing of nerves, and the self-conscious timidity of an over-rich nation, than a method of world-conquest. What does appear from Professor Delbrück's analysis is that if the two nations are willing to accept each other's very conservative definitions of their external ambitions, there is no good reason why the ring of *ententes* which governs the European system should not be closed by a union between the two Powers which have the greatest power of blessing the world by their friendship and cursing it by their enmity.

Life and Letters.

AMERICAN AMBASSADORS.

THE Press may not have abolished diplomacy, but it has certainly made it more difficult. But for the Press Mr. Crane would now be on his way to the American Legation at Peking. As it is, he remains in America, is re-absorbed once more into his manufacturing business in Chicago, and finds his diplomatic life ended before it had really begun. The Press, however, is not to be exclusively blamed for this catastrophe. Mr. Crane's artlessness is at least partly responsible. The President, greatly concerned with the problem of how best to extend American influence, and especially American commerce, in the Far East, had appointed Mr. Crane to represent his country in China, mainly on the strength of his reputation and success as a man of business. But he had not reckoned with Mr. Crane's innocence of diplomatic usages, or with the possibility that he might share the common American belief that official affairs should be transacted in a glass house, with all the electric lights turned on, and a reporter at each window. Calling at the State Department in Washington for his final instructions, Mr. Crane learned that the Secretary of State had been closely examining the recent Agreement between China and Japan in regard to Manchuria, with a view to determining if it contained anything adverse to American interests or inconsistent with the principle of the "Open Door." With an ingenuousness that has not been equalled since the Sackville-West episode, Mr. Crane at once communicated the news to a journalist for publication, and departed for San Francisco. It was thus announced to the world that the United States Government was formulating a protest against the Manchurian Agreement, and that it would be Mr. Crane's first business on his arrival to bring the views of the Administration before the Chinese officials. The Chinese and Japanese Press, naturally enough, reproduced the telegram; some formal inquiries were made by the Japanese Ambassador in Washington; and Mr. Crane was met on the San Francisco wharf by a telegram ordering his return to the capital. He went back, not only with an untroubled conscience, but in a state of complete mystification as to the reasons for his sudden recall, engagingly confiding to the reporters that he could not make head or tail of it. It was, however, eventually made clear to him that his indiscreet "interview" had caused the Administration much embarrassment, and that the interests of the country and of the service required his resignation.

Incidents such as these are bound from time to time to occur in a country which regards diplomacy rather as a diversion than a career. Two or three years ago, Mr. Root, at that time the Secretary of State, attempted a thorough reorganisation of the American diplomatic and consular services. Among other things he insisted that the United States should lease or purchase a permanent Embassy in each of the world's capitals and should pay its Ambassadors a living wage. When Mr. Choate returned home after his six years' Ambassadorship in London, the first thing he did was to urge precisely these reforms. No one could do so with greater propriety or

with a stronger claim to have his opinion deferred to, because no one had produced such excellent results from the present system. Mr. Roosevelt several times over entreated Congress to carry out the suggested improvements, and a Bill giving effect to them was actually introduced in the House of Representatives. But it failed to become law, and matters are still as they always have been. That is to say, an American Ambassador's first business on arriving in London or any other capital is to find a house to live in. No official residence being provided for him, he has to turn house-hunter; and the sort of house he will choose depends upon his private means. All Government officials in America from the President downwards are amazingly underpaid, but American Ambassadors can scarcely be said to be paid at all. Their fixed and inclusive salary is £3,500 a year, but of this they have to pay their own house rent as well as all living and entertainment expenses. The consequence is that only very wealthy men, who are prepared to spend from £10,000 a year upwards out of their own pockets, can afford to accept a first-class Embassy and keep up the style that the diplomacy of to-day insists upon. For though the American Republic is officially devoted to Jeffersonian simplicity, its citizens who annually come over to Europe are something more than disappointed if they find that their representative in London, Paris, Berlin, or Rome is not resplendently housed and maintaining a generous social state. They may, when in America, deride the trappings of diplomacy, but at the same time, and especially in Europe, they like their Ambassador to play an elegant, conspicuous, and, if possible, a brilliant part in the life of the Court to which he is accredited. If the Americans in Berlin, for instance, had been polled eighteen months ago, they would certainly have voted to make Mr. Charlemagne Tower Ambassador for life; and they were just as much non-plussed as the Kaiser himself when Mr. Tower's successor turned out to be a gentleman whose tastes were those of a student and a scholar, and whose resources made it impossible for him to follow in Mr. Tower's footsteps with the same assurance and *éclat*.

One result of all this is that the American diplomatic service lends itself to some strange incongruities. In one capital you will find the American Ambassador inhabiting a palace, the rent of which exceeds his official salary; in another he is worse housed than the average representative of a Balkan State. It is becoming rarer and rarer for the United States to send abroad men like Bancroft, Lowell, Motley, and Washington Irving, men, that is to say, of comparatively moderate means, who were appointed and welcomed as litterateurs of distinction, and from whom nothing in the way of a grand establishment was expected. Material standards have altered a good deal since the scholar-diplomat was the typical, the delightfully typical, representative of America in Europe. For one thing, the American Legations have themselves been turned into Embassies, and, for another, the scale of expenditure and of expectations has enormously risen. The most coveted prizes in the service tend more and more to fall into the hands of millionaires, and a nation which is nothing if not a democracy at home tends more and more to be represented by a plutocracy abroad. In London we have no right whatever to complain of the results of this system. It has given us a long line of distinguished men whom it has been a pleasure to treat rather as guests of the nation than as diplomatists accredited to the Court of St. James. But other capitals have not at all times fared so well as London, and the difficulty Mr. Taft is experiencing in choosing a successor to Mr. Whitelaw Reid shows that even in the case of London there may have to be some lowering of the almost miraculous standard of the past fifty years. When Embassies are restricted to men of wealth, who have had no training in diplomacy, and who are merely anxious to round off their career by a new and pleasant experience, it is inevitable that there should be occasional misfits. Mr. Crane's indiscretion was an extreme, but by no means a unique, instance of the pitfalls that lie in the way of a diplomatist who has never served his apprenticeship to the craft. In their purely business and bargaining

hours American Ambassadors, through the exercise of sheer native ability, have, as a rule, been eminently successful. There are, indeed, few countries that can show such a record of skilful diplomacy as the United States. But in the smaller conventions American Ambassadors are frequently to seek. They have rarely had a cosmopolitan experience, and they enter the service too late in life to adapt themselves readily to usages and an environment so far removed from the normal round of American life.

Possibly, as time goes on, the American Congress will gradually do away with the present system. But it will not, necessarily, put a better one in its place. It seems, and undoubtedly it is, an anomaly that there should be no examinations to pass before entering the diplomatic service in America, no security of tenure, no regular and recognised system of promotion, either by merit or seniority, or in any other way, and no pensions. It is an anomaly that all appointments in the service should be made by the President—usually, of course, from men of his own party—and should be liable to terminate at a moment's notice when the other side comes in. But these conditions, if they necessarily restrict the higher posts to men of wealth, have the virtue of saving the service, as a whole, from being over-run by undesirables. To establish permanent Embassies in the leading capitals and to pay Ambassadors a handsome salary is in itself a very desirable thing. But it may, and in America it would, have the effect of making an Embassy a prize for the professional politicians and their hangers-on to compete for, and the chief qualifications of an Ambassador would come in time to be measured by the amount of his political "pull." So long as every man is heavily fined for becoming an Ambassador, there is at least a guarantee that the mere political adventurer will devote himself to other and more lucrative careers.

THE "TOMMY" OF OLD.

WITH all our talk of progress, and all our restless endeavors to hurry the millennium, we constantly look back on the past with a certain tenderness and regretful admiration. A golden haze envelops those departed centuries till they gleam through it like the reminiscences of childhood; and it is a commonplace that the heroic ages always lie behind. Especially is this true of prowess, whether in sport or upon the ensanguined field. No hunter's lie, and hardly any fisherman's, can approach in splendor the traditions of the boys who captained our school before us. Certainly there was one Homeric hero who boasted his generation better than their fathers, but he stands alone among all the sons of Mars. True courage, heroism, and military skill have always been the attributes of the ancestral past. From primal ages and long-forgotten battles our army has continued steadily to decline, and the paths of glory have led but to the dogs.

If ever there was a heroic period in the British soldier's history, we should have thought it was Wolfe's. During the elder Pitt's brief years of supremacy it was the British soldier who stood firm against the French cavalry at Minden, gave us India at Plassy, and Canada at Quebec. Was it not in the very year of Wolfe's greatest achievement that Horace Walpole wrote he had to ask every morning what new victory there was for fear of missing one? When we speak of Old England, perhaps it is those bluff days we think of most. The whole nation then was surely of the bull-dog breed, while army and navy alike shouted "Rule, Britannia," in a unison of heroes. Those were the times to which our dismal prophets point backward as evidences of a sturdiness and grit beyond the reach of latter-day degeneracy. Since that happy and glorious age, it is but too clear that each generation ranks below its fathers and will produce in our descendants a progeny more vicious.

No dismal prophet likes to lose his fixed ideals of ancient virtue, or to be disenchanted of the growing corruption he sees around him. And that being so, we

should strongly advise none of the class to read a new "Life and Letters of Wolfe," which Mr. Beccles Willson has edited for Mr. Heinemann. The work has been admirably done, and it is all the better because the editor for the most part allows Wolfe to tell the story himself in his very numerous letters—we had nearly called them epistles, for they are touched with solemnity. The most are written to his father or mother, with an old-fashioned respect and unemotional precision belonging to the century; but as the father was himself a retired officer of an excellent and modest type, Wolfe is very explicit in describing to him the military situation and the condition of the army. As to Wolfe himself, the letters only confirm the estimate one had formed before. He was the type of the good British officer, raised to a higher power and illuminated by intellect. He had the average officer's love of sport, honesty in money affairs, politeness of manner, and personal consideration for his men. But in his case all these common and excellent qualities were multiplied or raised to a higher power. In sport, for instance, Wolfe is constantly speaking about his horses, his fishing, his dogs—"Romp," "Flurry," and the rest; and of one pointer he writes, "that is my happiness, my very existence." England excels in regimental officers. As Ruskin used to say, we are a nation of captains. But Wolfe evidently surpassed all the regimental officers of his time in that magnetic influence over men which the sternest discipline can never replace. Colonel of his regiment before he was thirty, he soon made it famous as the best-drilled unit in the army, and the confidence felt in him was so secure that the soldiers' wives appealed for his judgment and assistance even in domestic affairs. One such petition has been preserved, and is worth remembering, if only for one little feminine touch:—

"Colonel,—Being a True Noble-heart'd Pittyful gentleman and Officer, your Worship will excuse these few Lines concerning the husband of ye undersigned, Sergt. White, who, not from his own fault, is not behaving as Hee should towards me and his family, although good and faithful until the middle of November last. Petition of Anne White."

An excellent regimental officer, he was also a man of strong intellectual needs, and that is a much rarer character in our army. Always on the look-out for opportunities of knowledge, he deliberately went to France for self-improvement, he read widely of the best, and admitted that one of his most successful tactics was borrowed from Xenophon—a thing that few British officers would admit, even if we could imagine it true. All his letters are those of an intellectual, or even literary, mind, and sometimes they display a flush of rhetoric, a certain conscious superiority that reminds one of the Nelson touch; for, indeed, Wolfe might almost be called our Nelson on land. But it is quite evident that, among the ruck of his fellow-officers, he stood almost alone, both in competence and intellect. At twenty-two he writes to his mother:—

"Few of my companions surpass me in common knowledge, but most of them in vice. . . . I dread their habits and behaviour, and am forced to an eternal watch upon myself, that I may avoid the very manner which I most condemn in them."

Three years later he writes to his father from Inverness: "We are allowed to be the most religious foot officers that have been seen in the North for many a day," and yet in most of their quarters they had been looked upon as "no better than the sons of darkness, and given up unto Satan." He admits that even his own language would shock a father's ears. Drunkenness after mess was the accepted thing, and the chief interest in an officer's existence was debauchery with one class of woman or another.

But if this was the character of the officers, the character of the men was even worse. On one occasion Wolfe writes:—

"Nothing, I think, can hurt their discipline—it is at its worst. They shall drink and swear, plunder and massacre with any troops in Europe, the Cossacks and Calmucks themselves not excepted."

The meaning of such words is realised if we remember that in those days, as for long after, it was a law of war that a city taken by assault should be handed over to the soldiers to kill, plunder, and ravish as they pleased.

In writing of the surrender of Louisbourg, for instance, Wolfe remarks:—

"The poor women have been heartily frightened, as well they might; but no real harm, either during the siege or after it, has befallen any. A day or two more (i.e., if the place had not surrendered) they would have been entirely at our disposal."

But there are two passages especially which show the condition of the ranks in that heroic age, when regiments were still called after the officers or gentlemen who had contracted to raise them, and were recruited in war time from any debtors, criminals, paupers, and vagrants who would join. The first is written to Wolfe's father, on Braddock's defeat upon the Canadian frontier in 1755:—

"I do myself believe," writes Wolfe, "that the cowardice and ill-behaviour of the men far exceeded the ignorance of the chief. I have but a very mean opinion of the infantry in courage. I know their discipline to be bad, and their valor precarious. They are easily put into disorder, and hard to recover out of it. They frequently kill their officers through fear, and murder one another in their confusion. . . . Our military education is by far the worst in Europe, and all our concerns are treated with contempt or totally neglected. It will cost us very dear some time hence."

Again, writing from Portsmouth the very year before his own famous expedition to America, he says to Lord George Sackville:—

"The condition of the troops that compose this garrison (or rather vagabonds that stroll about in dirty red clothes from one gin shop to another) exceeds all belief. There is not the least shadow of discipline, care, or attention. Disorderly soldiers of different regiments are collected here; some from the ships, others from the hospital, some waiting to embark—dirty, drunken, insolent rascals, improved by the hellish nature of the place, where every kind of corruption, immorality, and looseness is carried to excess; it is a sink of the lowest and most abominable of vices."

When Wolfe reached America, he wrote of "sergeants drunk upon duty, two sentries (drunk) upon their posts, and the rest wallowing in the dirt. I believe no nation ever paid so many bad soldiers at so high a rate." Similarly, in his letters, he complains of the bad food and clothing of the men, and of the everlasting scoundrelism of army contractors, who then, as now, regarded their country's necessity as their own opportunity, and were eager to sell the lives of their defenders for a filthy half-crown.

Yet with these men, and under these conditions, Wolfe, at the age of thirty-two, seized the Heights of Abraham, and in the battle held his line silent and immovable till the enemy had advanced within forty yards. It was a supreme triumph of character and personal genius. "Mad, is he?" cried George II., in answer to complaints about Wolfe; "then I hope he will bite some of my other generals!" It is one of the immortal jests of history, almost recompensing us for all the dullness of the Hanoverian dynasty; and sometimes, as we watch our generals to-day, we wish that the virus of that bite had been hereditary.

No one would care to detract from the glories of the past, or to scorn the poor drunken and blaspheming outcasts who died for us, unknown and unremembered, at Plassy or Quebec. But for twenty-five years the present writer has enjoyed unusual opportunities of associating with British soldiers of all ranks, and he knows that Wolfe's descriptions of his men would be foul libels upon regulars or auxiliaries now. Within his own experience he has beheld an improvement in the private soldier's manner, habits, and intelligence, which inspires hope for the country as a whole.

It is true that, even in war-time, recruits are no longer drawn from criminals and wastrels; but, except in war-time, the enormous majority of recruits come from the "out-of-works," who usually stand low down in the orders of population. If among them, even the board-school lessons, the board school games, and the slowly rising standard of human happiness have produced so great a change within only a quarter of a century, is it not encouraging even for those who find hope difficult? And may we not respectfully invite our dismal prophets, in the midst of their sweet lamentations over the decline of pristine virtue, to "pause and reflect," as the poetic Robert Montgomery once called upon Omnipotence to do! They do not wish to be cheerful, but if they did, they could hardly find a better corrective

to their melancholy than a comparison between the "Tommies" of to-day and Wolfe's account of his heroes.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

DISRAELI defined the "most desirable life" as "a continued grand procession from childhood to the tomb." "Tameless and swift and proud," Shelley describes himself, chained by the heavy weight of the hours. Imagine a blend of Disraeli with a grown-up Shelley, and add something of magic and majesty in prose which neither possessed—you have something of the spirit of Chateaubriand. Mr. Gribble, in "Chateaubriand and his Court of Women" (Chapman and Hall), attempts to reveal to English audiences the frequency and transitory nature of his affections, the neglect of truth in his statements of fact. Both these seem somehow irrelevant to the author of the "Memoirs d'Outre-tombe." Disraeli was frequently indifferent to veracity. Shelley was wooed and won by many women while he lived, and would have been wooed and won by many more had he lived longer. When "Le Génie du Christianisme" first revealed to a light-hearted generation how "perfectly delightful Christianity was," there were those who mocked the new discovery and its author. Madame de Staël was moved to laughter by the chapter upon "Virginity in its poetical aspects." Other writers declared that it was incumbent upon those who preached the Gospel to keep a watchful eye upon "their own hearts and reins." Chateaubriand, like the "most Christian Kings" of many centuries, found no difficulty in reconciling the warmth of women's love with the championship of a faith which denounced such waywardness. He was married by his family, without affection, the bridegroom feeling "that he possessed none of the qualifications of a husband." The marriage was arranged in order to obtain funds for fighting with the *émigré* forces on the frontier—"in order to furnish me," in his cynical commenting, "with the means of going to get killed in defence of a cause to which I was indifferent." He sees nothing of his wife for ten years. She makes phantom appearances all through that astonishing adventure which was the life of Chateaubriand. Sometimes—though rarely—she is alone with him; in which case, if he declares himself cold, she opens the window; if he complains of the heat, she throws more logs on the fire. More often there is another woman in company: that particular "other woman" for whom he feels (at the moment) the world well lost! Two old women—his wife and another; so—towards the end—Hortense Allart dismisses Mesdames de Chateaubriand and Récamier. But then Hortense was only twenty-seven; and Chateaubriand is asking of Providence only one boon—"Ah me! How I wish I were only fifty! She suggested twenty-five is still better. No! No! If I could go back to fifty that would be far enough." He could not go back to fifty. By the banks of the Rhone he conjured up the memory of "those years so painful and so bitterly regretted, when the passions of our youth were at once our happiness and our torture." The end is always a tragedy—especially amongst the great actors. Maxime du Camp has left an unforgettable picture of the dusty fifth act of so long and splendid a drama of life: Chateaubriand's wandering in the streets of Paris, "the very image of *ennui*—a man bowed down beneath the burden of an intolerable weariness." But the friendship of Madame Récamier remained the one thing prominent at the last: he praying only "in so far as he was capable of prayer, that he might die before her, and that she might be with him when he died." And his prayer was granted. At an hour when the noise of the cannon was already sounding in the streets of Paris, and he was witnessing—although unconscious—another end of another world.

And as with his affections so with his veracity. No one would read Chateaubriand's religious works for theology. No one would read the record of his life for history. Laborious pedants—quoted with some gusto by Mr. Gribble—have proved that his record of his American tour is a fiction, or an exaggeration: that he described

the Ohio as the Mississippi, that he dragged in and placed upon its banks monkeys and parrots from the "Orinoco" of a forgotten Mr. Bartram, that he had perhaps never visited Washington and made the Wabash run uphill. What does it matter whether he visited Washington or made the Wabash run uphill? He has given in "Outre-tombe" one of the imperishable books of the world. He has revealed in the actual, incontestable events of his own life such an Adventure as comes to but few men on this planet. He stood and stands to-day as a personality, fascinating, elusive, baffling, irresistible.

He had to record the most wonderful story in the world; and he found himself playing no mean part in that "explosion of miracles." "I was writing ancient history," he declares, "and modern history was knocking at my door. In vain I cried, 'Wait, I am coming to you.' It passed on, to the sound of the cannon, carrying with it three generations of kings." He saw it all through a life prolonged beyond the natural limits of mankind. In the gloomy woods surrounding Combours at the beginning he is cherishing the ineffable melancholy of the Celt, the poet's promise that its children shall inherit the unrest of the wind and ever seek some face elusive in some land they cannot find. And a Breton he remained to the end, despising opponents of the faith, moved—and sincerely—by its emotional appeal, filled with alternate moods of gaiety and profound sadness, vain, contemptuous of worldly success, yet driven forward to achievement by a torturing ambition, reminding himself always that he was but pacing in a funeral procession towards the inexorable grave. He set out from this remote and hidden home into the sudden vast upheaval of all the universe, into the death and birth of an age. He is wandering penniless in England, sleeping a night in Westminster Abbey—"the English Saint Denis." He is in Paris after the Terror, watching the acrobats in a church which the Jacobins had turned into a place of entertainment, compelled to retire when the waiter demanded orders. "I had not a penny," he confessed, "to pay for refreshments." Again, he is the idol of literary France, offered high office under Napoleon, but refusing service under the murderer of the Duc d'Enghien; making large fortunes and squandering them; an effective journalist and pamphleteer. He is listening to the sound of the cannon at Waterloo, outside the Brussels gate at Ghent, tortured by the realization that "the Powers were casting lots for the robe of Christ!" "If the allies triumphed, was not our glory lost? But if Napoleon won, where was our freedom?" Later he is ambassador at Rome, Berlin, London; fêted and honored at the summit of society in a city where he had once starved and suffered. For one crowning moment he is Foreign Minister of France, making war with Spain, appearing at the Congress of Verona as Disraeli at the Congress of Berlin. And afterwards again there is Revolution, and Chateaubriand bankrupt and later a wanderer, doing faithful service for an impossible Charles X. and the child who was the last hope of a dying cause. "And I, too, have tried to nurse a child King," he could declare, "but I found ten centuries lying with him in his cradle—a weight too heavy for my arms." Yesterday he was receiving almost Royal worship, with the sick, in the little towns he visited, brought to touch the garment of the great defender of religion. To-day he is driven, at the age of sixty-five, to earn his bread by working as a publishers' hack, translating "Paradise Lost" at so much a yard. To-morrow he will be the recognised hero of letters, reading his memoirs to a select circle of the men of genius of Paris—the memoirs which were to endow him with immortal fame.

For many have written the story of those amazing years. He alone has set it to music: a kind of solemn marching organ melody, not inadequate to that "wind of the spirit" in which worlds were perishing and worlds reborn. He set the pageant as it passed in the background of the Eternities. He saw its pathetic wild enthusiasms and resistances, its terrors and laughter, with something of the grandeur and significance which rightly belongs to them, as one of humanity's great

efforts to scale the walls of heaven, and effect by mortal efforts more than is permitted to mortal hands. Into all he infused the quality of magic; so that the nightly pacing of his father up and down the old, dim-lighted hall at Combours after dinner; the Misère in the Sistine Chapel with the yellow candles; the "little smoke" which is the natural image of man's life; the Mediterranean night, filled with memories of Napoleon, "the mightiest spirit that ever animated human clay"—all these and a thousand incidents in that remote century of such restless, aspiring life, now all dead and silent—stand in an earthly immortality, charged with the light which never was on sea or land. His vision of the future was darkened: but he saw something of the great changes which were coming—which are coming—on this world. He knew that the end is not yet. He knew that the end would come. Watching, at the last, the sunset gilding the Cross on the Invalides, he could affirm that society will perish unless Liberty, which could save the world, can make terms with religion. He saw that the Revolution, far from being complete, was only beginning. "Given a political state of things," was his challenge, "in which individuals have so many millions a year while others are dying of hunger: can that state of things subsist when religion is no longer there with its hopes beyond the world to explain the sacrifice?" It is the challenge of M. Brioux in "La Foi" of M. Viviani, of the inexorable logic of things as they are. "Re-compose the aristocratic fictions, if you can: try to persuade the poor man, when he shall have learnt to read correctly, and ceased to believe, try to persuade him that he must submit to every sort of privation, while his neighbor possesses superfluity a thousand times told. As a last resource you will have to kill him."

CO-PARTNERSHIP IN NATURE.

I AM the legal owner of an acre of garden land in Surrey in which stands my cottage. I cannot dig, nor have I skill to tend the things that grow upon my little plot. A hired gardener works the soil, sowing seeds and putting in the tender plants, caring for their food and watching them in health and sickness, so that they may yield timely flowers or fruit. When he speaks, as he always does, of "our" roses or "our" apples, he evidently feels, as I do, that the real right of property in this produce, as in the ground on which it grows, is his, not mine; he feels the true pride of ownership, not I, for he has mixed his mind and muscle with the land. I own it by deed, he by deeds. In any court of really human equity, I fear my parchment case would easily be set aside.

But what about the rabbits and the moles which we both denounce as trespassers, waging war on them with wire fencing or with trap? Have they no vested rights in the land which was theirs before I fenced it in? Neither my gardener nor I gets his living from the land; they do, and in so doing get into more intimate relations with the soil than any human cultivator. Surely they think and feel the land is theirs, and that they are wrongfully dispossessed by our predatory cunning. If they could get before a court not packed by "humans," justice might lean heavily to their claim. But they would not have it all their own way. There is a thrush, whose confident demeanor as he stalks the lawn the whole summer long, has won from us the sobriquet of "the proprietor." It is his hunting ground, from which he tugs his wriggling food with unerring grip; or he watches small intruders seize their quarry, and, chasing them, takes it away, true landlord fashion. But he is little better than a robber baron, after all, a greedy monopolist, and as summer advances whole flocks of common little birds contest his supremacy. Crowds of sparrows and starlings watch our planting, watering, and tending of fruits and vegetables with interest, for they have engaged us to grow them a large stock of food upon their land.

But some doubt attaches to the titles of all these birds and beasts who live upon the soil; one has a feeling that those that live in the earth must have an even better

right of property. No one else practises the virtues of an occupying owner so well as the earth-worm, his intensive culture alone is *gründlich*, he alone gets to close grips with the details of the land question. If the suit went up to animate Nature's final court of appeal, his patient, unceasing trituration would surely establish "nine points of the law." Or, quitting the earth and again coming above ground, one encounters the respective claims of all the insect world of bees and grubs and beetles. Think what a case such a counsel as M. Maeterlinck could construct for the bees, their skilled, laborious services in the critical work of fertilising plants, the manifest intention of Nature to make the world of flowers conform to their needs and capacities, their just grievances against the parasitic force and cunning of human exploitation. As man, arrogating to himself the central place in Nature, records in his Bible how that all these others, beasts, birds, and insects have been created for his comfort and enjoyment, mere *śwa śryaya*, so each other species in this animate Nature makes its appropriate political economy. The avi-central or the api-central economy will be quite as specious, perhaps as valid, from the standpoint of disinterested Nature, as the anthropocentric: the undivided cloth, lifted in a different way, will fall in different folds, that is all.

But why stop short at animal species? it will be said. Intertwined with their needs and labors and their rights are those of the various vegetable world. In the elaborate harmony and conflict of organic species and their individuals, animal and vegetable continually co-operate and compete. Nor can the crude and arbitrary attempt to rule out plant rights by denying animate life or even consciousness to vegetable organisms satisfy the demands of organic justice. One might even appeal to the feelings of the interested party man against so peremptory an exclusion. Who does not feel as he walks amid the majestic oaks or beeches in some great forest, that the earth, which feeds these strong and beautiful creatures, "belongs" to them by some truly "natural right," and that the man who treats them as mere "timber" wrongs them and outrages the wider social economy of Nature? You plead "Man alone has clear conscious purposes, he alone is continually adjusting 'the environment,' all these other organic species belong to this environment of his which he has a supreme right to dispose of for his advantage: he is the sole owner of the earth." But may not the rabbit, the thrush, the bee, the worm, the cabbage, the rose, demur at this arrogant humanism, and appeal to the wider cosmic order? Are the higher consciousness of man, the greater complexity of his activities and purposes, a sufficient ground for ruling out the claims of all lower forms of Nature, and for dismissing as merely "fantastic" the demand for an extension of the feelings and obligations of "right" outside the limits of humanity? May it not be the case that just as "egoism" in its numberless subtle forms is the besetting sin of the individual man, so "anthropocentrism" is the besetting sin of humanity.

The fuller study of Nature shows my garden as the area of numberless superimposed layers of ownership. Some of these rights of property do not conflict but harmonise: I may enjoy the flowers which furnish food for the bees; the currant trees and the birds have a common interest in keeping down the slugs or fly. But on my lawn there is perpetual war between the grass and dandelions. Everywhere my gardener is engaged in expelling the aboriginal inhabitants which he calls weeds, securing an unfair preference for his delicate interlopers. Such is the familiar economy of animate Nature, which one can carry further into the dimmest recesses of that Nature invidiously dubbed "inanimate," probably because our senses are too crude to find its finer animation. Everywhere a conjunction of competition and of mutual aid, yielding some result which in its turn has friendly and hostile relations with other happenings of Nature! The net outcome of all this complicated activity we judge too exclusively from the standpoint of human welfare. I suggest that it is not really good for man to take so tightly human a view of such things as "property" and "rights." The organic view of Nature to which that freer, more disinterested, thought and feeling, termed

philosophy, inclines, should lead us to reflect that the Universe is not made for man alone, and that for man to think it is and to act upon this thought is a form of insolence for which he pays a heavy penalty. The narrow, parasitic view of property in land which we are now engaged in fighting on the field of human politics is, perhaps, an offshoot of a wider fallacy, the persistent substitution of a distinctively human economy for the larger economy of Nature. My "right" to an absolute property in my acre only holds good in the narrow confines of a conventional interpretation of certain documents constructed to express the interests of a little clique of men endowed with legislative powers in this country. Investigate my "right," even by application of distinctively human rules of equity and reason, it grows progressively weaker as you extend more broadly the area of investigation, until at last it stands as the weakest of a long series of rights of property vested in an endless variety of co-partners in the land.

J. A. H.

Contemporaries.

A FRENCH CHAMBERLAIN.

THE London correspondent of the "Matin" on Tuesday contrasted the speech which M. Briand delivered at Périgueux on Sunday with Mr. Lloyd George's speech on the previous day—to the advantage of the former. As befits the correspondent of a journal which represents *la haute finance*, he preferred the "moderation" of M. Briand, and his appeal for the union of *toutes les bonnes volontés*, to Mr. Lloyd George's incitements "to class war." There is no doubt about the contrast, whatever may be one's personal preferences. The Périgueux speech reads like a bid for the support of the Moderates; a brilliant exposition of opportunism. It was a plea for the formation of a "National Party"—that is to say, a centre *bloc*, from which only the extremists on both sides are to be excluded; they are not "*bonnes volontés*."

You have heard this plea in England from the lips of a politician whose career has had many points of resemblance with that of M. Briand. Mr. Chamberlain started from a less advanced point on the Left than M. Briand, and he has ended at a point much further to the Right (perhaps M. Briand's evolution has not yet ended), but there is a good deal of similarity between the two careers, allowing for the difference between English and French politics. There is not much similarity between the two. M. Briand is by far the abler man. His intellect is more profound, more subtle, and far more clear; his perception finer, and his ideas more lucid; his temperament at once colder and more severely and closely trained. M. Briand would be incapable of such speeches as those which Mr. Chamberlain delivered on the subject of Tariff Reform, in which he effectively answered himself. And M. Briand is a statesman; of that there can be no doubt, whether one likes or dislikes his policy.

It has been a strange career, that of the small publican's son who is now Prime Minister of France at little more than forty years of age. The revolutionary Socialist, the anti-militarist, the apostle of a general strike, is now the hope of the vested interests and the darling of the "Temps" and the "Figaro." The evolution has been somewhat rapid, and even the writers of the solemn leaders in which the Périgueux speech was hailed as the charter of moderation, must have felt a certain incongruity between the honeyed appeals of that speech to the wealthy *bourgeoisie* and certain other speeches whose date is not very remote.

The speech was indeed a remarkable one. It was not a mere brilliant piece of oratory, although it displayed all the talents of a subtle master of speech; it was the skilful exposition of a clearly thought out policy by a man who knows exactly what he is aiming at and how he proposes to attain his object. M. Briand appealed to all "sincere Republicans," but he knows as

well as anyone that the union of all Republicans is a dream impossible of realisation. There is no more reason that all those who agree in accepting the Republican form of Government should act together in politics than that all who accept the monarchy in England should do so. If and when the Republic is attacked all Republicans ought and do combine to defend it. But a party which required nothing but the profession of Republican principles would be doomed to sterility, for it would be unable to agree on any advance. M. Briand knows this as well as anyone else; the only possible meaning that can be attached to his appeal is that he aims at the organisation of a great Centre party to combat the Socialists and advanced Socialist-Radicals on the one hand, and the Clericals on the other. That is the sense in which his speech has been taken by the Conservative, as distinct from the reactionary or clerical, Press, which approves the speech with little reserve. According to the London correspondent of the "Matin," it has also met with approval from the Conservative Press in England.

It is possible that this skilfully presented policy will, for a time at any rate, attain a certain success. M. Briand will not repeat the mistakes of M. Clemenceau. He is more factful, and less impulsive. We shall have no more prosecutions of anti-militarists on the one hand and bishops on the other. M. Briand evidently intends to *ménager* his opponents; he prefers the *manière douce* to the *manière forte*, and he will cause less irritation than his predecessor. On Sunday he was as polite to the Catholics as to every one else. Naturally, his verbal smoothness had no effect; it is unlikely that he expected it to have any. The organs of the Vatican retorted with vitriol, and they were right. The sympathetic reception of the Périgueux speech by the "Figaro," the special organ of the wealthy Catholic *bourgeoisie*, is of no good omen for the Vatican. The wealthy Catholic *bourgeoisie* were glad enough to turn to the Church when it seemed to be the only possible barrier against social change, but they would sacrifice the Pope to-morrow to escape the income-tax. The passage in M. Briand's speech in regard to the income-tax is extremely vague, and his remark that it is necessary to have "une large part de consentement" among those who are to bear the additional burden is calculated to re-assure the possessors of large incomes. If the income-tax is to wait for this "consentement," it will wait till the Greek Kalends.

It seems probable that M. Briand will have to draw very largely on Conservative forces if he is to secure the stable majority for which he asks. His speech does not fit in very well with the opinions expressed at the recent Congress of the Radical and Socialist-Radical Parties. The Congress was somewhat incoherent and chaotic, and the discussions showed very clearly the marked divergence between the two different currents in the party. But there was no inclination to make common cause with Conservative Republicans, and many of the resolutions carried are not calculated to secure that union of all Republicans for which M. Briand appeals. The Congress, for instance, was by no means disposed to ignore the aggressive campaign which the bishops have been compelled by Rome to inaugurate against the schools of the nation; on this subject M. Briand said not a word. There are many other questions which must inevitably cause a division, in which the Government will have to take one side or the other.

Nevertheless, M. Briand has a *bonne presse* even as regards the Radical newspapers, most of which emphasise his declaration of the resolve of the Government to realise the Radical programme of reform, without attempting to explain how it is to be realised by a Republican Party satisfactory to the "Temps" and the "Figaro."

The "Rappel" is mildly ironical and reminds M. Briand that it was at Périgueux that Gambetta made a similar appeal on September 28th, 1873, for the union of all Frenchmen. The most trenchant criticism of the speech is naturally that of M. Jaurès in the "Humanité." Up to the present the "Humanité" has refrained from criticism of the new Government, but

Socialists can hardly be expected to welcome the prospect of what M. Jaurès describes as "une sorte d'Union plus qu'à demi—Conservatrice." If by a policy of *détente* M. Briand means greater liberty of speech and action for all citizens, M. Jaurès welcomes such a policy. But he scorns the idea of a "national party" which, he says, means an universal acceptance of the *status quo* which can only result in universal stagnation. It is impossible to contest the common sense of this view; conflict is a necessary condition of progress. M. Jaurès, like many other Frenchmen of all shades of opinion, believes that the *scrutin de liste* with proportional representation would clear the air in French politics, and he is amazed that M. Briand, who points out so clearly the disadvantages of the present system, should be opposed to this reform. M. Jaurès, too, like the London correspondent of the "Matin," compares M. Briand's speech with those of Mr. Lloyd George—but to the advantage of the latter.

To sum up, it is plain that M. Briand cannot achieve the ostensible aim of his speech; the political union of all Frenchmen, or even of all Republicans, is impossible. But he may succeed in grouping round his Government a strong Centre *bloc*, including all the Conservative section of the Radical Party. Whether such a *bloc* would survive the General Election next May is another matter. Meanwhile the enthusiasm of all the financial interests in the Press for the Briand Ministry is one of the most interesting symptoms of the hour. One contrasts the opposition of the same papers, notably the "Matin," to M. Combes's Government, which did not contain three "Independent Socialists."

R. E. D.

The Drama.

"ONE OF GOD'S DANDIES."

If the essence of drama be conflict, the wrestle of will with will, then "Don," by Mr. Rudolf Besier, comes as near as any play I know to essential drama. It is a sparring match, in heaven knows how many rounds. Not only is the hero all the time at war with his environment, but his environment is all the time at war with itself. When I read the play, several months ago, I feared this incessant wrangling would get on the nerves of the audience; but my fears were groundless. The play interested, entertained, and moved us. It is a thoroughly good comedy of an original and quite legitimate type. Not that the element of danger which I foresaw in it was entirely non-existent. The character of General Sinclair, never departing for a moment—or only for one rather improbable moment—from his attitude of snappish pigheadedness, might easily have produced on the audience the effect I feared. But Providence watched over Mr. Besier in the casting of the part. Mr. Dawson Milward was not in the least "the man for it." An actor manager, with all London to choose from, would not have dreamt of selecting him. But the Haymarket, though not a repertory theatre, has something like a stock company, and Mr. Milward happened to be the man that came ready to Mr. Trench's hand. By playing the part with quiet discretion and distinction, he literally unconventionalised it, and carried it off with perfect success. Had it been played "for all it was worth" by the fussy and blustering type of comedian for whom it seemed predestined, it might seriously have endangered the play. This is not the first time that the policy of giving a part to a good actor, rather than to the man who seemed born to play it, has vindicated itself.

We are not bound to inquire too rigorously whether such a character as Stephen Bonington, otherwise known as "Don," actually exists. He might exist, and that is enough. It is perfectly legitimate, for purposes of comedy, to illustrate and criticise a type of character or a moral tendency by taking an extreme instance of it. And who shall say that "Don" does not exist? We are apt to salve our self-complacency by declaring im-

possible manifestations of idealistic kindness and courage which are, in fact, impossible—to us. We have all known extremely unpractical persons; and if unpracticality is not always combined with an excess of chivalry, there is no reason why it should not be. If a dramatist had drawn the character of Shelley before Shelley existed, or even while Shelley existed, but before he was revealed to the world, critics would have declared him wildly impossible. For my part, if I must quarrel with "Don," it should not be for anything that he actually does, but for the imperturbable lightness, not to say levity, with which he takes the consequences of his action, as they threaten to develop. When it seems highly probable that he may lose Ann through his championship of Mrs. Thompson, one would welcome a little greater display of feeling, some sign of his perception of a divided duty. No doubt his inability to perceive a divided duty, his utter absorption in the one enthusiasm of the moment, is the very trait which the author is presenting—and satirising. But I think he is guilty of a little overdraw. Stephen might quite well be unshaken in his sense of duty towards Elizabeth Thompson, and yet keenly sensible of the pain he was inflicting upon Ann, and of the danger to their future happiness. Again, I find it hard to believe that he would face Thompson's pistol with such absolute serenity. Fanatics of the Thompson type are nasty customers to play with. We see every day that a pistol with a passion behind it is no laughing matter; and though, doubtless, Stephen's show of intrepidity is the best possible policy under the circumstances, we would feel more confidence in its possibility if we were suffered to divine a little more effort in the matter. As it is, we feel that Stephen never for a moment believed himself in any danger; in which case he was not only foolish, but scarcely human. I think it would be both truer and more dramatic if he showed, not fear, but realisation of danger—if only, perhaps, in the form of a marked reaction when the strain was over. But these are trifling matters. Perhaps, after all, Mr. Besier's more daring psychology is justified. It may be that I am pleading for obvious plausibility rather than for essential truth. In the main, at any rate, "Don" illustrates, with excellent vivacity and ingenuity, the eternal conflict between the ideal and the practical in life. Stephen Bonington is one of the persons (rare, but, nevertheless, real), who, in working out problems of conduct, are congenitally apt to "neglect the weight of the elephant"—to ignore the potency in human affairs of prejudice, convention, pusillanimity. The much commoner tendency is to reinforce the weight of the elephant by adding our own personal pusillanimity to that of our neighbors. But a study of the rarer bias is an admirable theme for comedy; and Mr. Besier was quite justified, I think, in letting his hero's Quixotism work out to what may be called a happy ending. An excess of chivalry is so infrequent a foible that the modern Cervantes who should seek to "smile it away" would do a poor service to society.

No one can reproach Mr. Besier, as Ibsen used to be reproached, with laying too much stress upon heredity. He has, I think, left rather too wide a gap between the two generations of his characters. How Mrs. Bonington ever came to have such a son as Stephen, how the daughter of General and Mrs. Sinclair ever grew into so delightful a character as Ann, seems to me something of a puzzle. But, heredity apart, Mr. Besier has a light and deft hand at character-drawing. Mrs. Bonington is a very effective variety of the genus goose, and there is a distinct idea in Mrs. Sinclair, with her paroxysms of mirthless laughter, though I do not think Miss Granville made the intention of the part quite clear. The General, as above indicated, is the most conventional character in the play, and something of a libel, one hopes, upon the British Army. On the other hand, the old Rector is very pleasantly drawn, and shows that Mr. Besier can make a character live, while keeping him strictly within the limits of a commonplace type. But the most original figure in the play is doubtless Thompson, who assures its success by giving a new tone

and color to the last act. He is an admirable study of fierce egoism and sensuality, expressing itself in terms of religion. This is even a deep psychological truth in his artless confession of the analogy between his spiritual and his erotic experiences. One cannot put much confidence in the amenity of the reconstituted family life under the Thompson roof-tree; but Mrs. Thompson is so essentially (and rightly) a colorless character, that our apprehensions for her future do not greatly weigh upon our spirit. The comedy remains a comedy, even though this darker strand in its texture is left at a loose end.

Mr. Charles Quartermaine's performance of Stephen was safe rather than brilliant. The poetic impulsiveness, even the mere unpracticality of the character, were almost entirely left to the spectator's imagination. There was nothing whatever of Shelley or of Mr. Shaw's Eugene about Mr. Quartermaine, who seemed a headstrong and inconsiderate, but otherwise rather commonplace, young man. Even his dress did not suggest the character. The razor-edged crease down the front of his trousers was wholly inconsistent with Ann's anecdote of his appearance at a dinner-party in correct attire down to his waist, but with nether garments of blue serge. Surely he ought to have worn those baggy blue serge trousers and no others. Was it Mr. Quartermaine's fault, or the author's, or the producer's—or perhaps the fault of all three—that the end of the second act seemed quite unduly farcical? On the whole, I fancy the actor must be acquitted. The fault lay in the very idea of restraining Stephen by physical force from rushing to the encounter of Thompson. In the part of Thompson Mr. Norman McKinnell was quite admirable, and Miss Christine Silver was most happily chosen for Mrs. Thompson. Mr. James Hearn and Miss Frances Ivor were very good as the elder Boningtons, and Miss Ellen O'Malley played the part of Ann with her unflinching sincerity and charm. By the way, I have not said enough of this original and well-drawn character. It is one of Mr. Besier's happiest inspirations.

Mr. Charles McEvoy's one-act play, "Gentlemen of the Road," was placed in a very beautiful woodland scene; but the sole merit of the production lay with the scenic artist. Mr. Trench really ought not to encourage Mr. McEvoy to waste his talent on such unworthy trifles.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

Letters from Abroad.

YOUNG TURKEY AS A MILITARY POWER.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—To an English mind—at least to the mind of an Englishman brought up in the old Whig distrust of great armies—one of the most disquieting features in the Turkish outlook is militarism.

In the first place, the internal political situation in Turkey is so much the reverse of all we are accustomed to in England that one feels instinctively suspicious of it. The army is Liberal, and is maintaining Liberal institutions. The country is mostly reactionary, and would overthrow the Parliament if it could. When the despot does overthrow the Chamber it is the army that rushes to the assistance of the latter, not the commonalty.

When we come to consider the matter more closely, we find that the July revolution was caused by army officers who were ashamed of the weak condition into which the armed forces of the Empire had fallen under the Absolutist régime. They said: "Only the other day we were at the gates of Vienna and all Europe trembled before us. To-day we are nothing. Let us abolish the system which has brought our glorious arms so low. Let us establish a Parliament in order that our army may be reorganised and that Europe may again have to take us into account."

As far as I could see, the military leaders of the Committee went no further than this, unless incidentally. All their reforms, all their new-found tolerance,

originated in their regard for Turkey's military strength. In July last they fraternised with the Greek and Bulgarian brigands in Macedonia, because these brigands might help them in the march on Constantinople which the Young Turks then thought unavoidable. Ahmed Riza Bey and some of the civilians had broader views than this, but they did not and do not count. It was the military leaders who made the revolution of July and of April and who are maintaining the Constitution. And though the military chiefs act but never speak or write, they are the only good statesmen and politicians in Turkey. The civilians make endless blunders. Their journalistic controversies did much to bring about the April reaction. But—save, perhaps, when he threatened to march on Athens—Shefket Pasha has invariably done the right thing.

The army, therefore, has all the brains, all the power, and all the discretion. And, as its one great object is to improve itself, to increase its size and its efficiency, it has progressed enormously in every direction since July, 1908. True, the April mutiny lost it a whole army corps, but that misfortune only gave it an opportunity to show its power, for the rapidity with which Mahmud Mukhtar Pasha got together a new army corps and licked the recruits into shape before the end of July, was very remarkable.

The War Office (as I observed during a visit I paid to the commander of the First Army Corps there a couple of months ago) is now by far the busiest and most efficient of the Government departments. Filled with able Generals, hard-working chiefs of staff and staff officers, it would do credit to the headquarters of a German army corps. More money is spent on it than on any other department. Even the ludicrously inadequate Budget of the Minister of Education was recently cut down in order that the army might have more money to spend.

In the Chamber, the army has the control and means to keep it. Recently a motion was made to the effect that officers on active service could not sit as deputies without forfeiting their pay as officers. A civilian member pointed out that the popularity of the army and the attraction of double pay will lead to the Chamber being filled exclusively with officers, but the military members protested against the motion and it failed to pass.

The tone of all the Turks is, I deeply regret to say, not that of a constitutional people. It is, as a rule, that of an army. The "Yeni Gazette" recently drew a parallel between Japan and Turkey, but it failed to see the extremely important rôle which Japan's attention to commerce, industry, and finance has played in the uplifting of Dai-Nippon; all it saw was, first, that Japan devoted all her energies to building up her military and naval forces and, second, that, having done this, she turned her attention to the contraction of an alliance.

Enver Bey, the Turkish military *attaché* in Berlin, speaks in a warlike tone about Turkey stationing an army-corps on the Russo-Turkish frontier in Asia Minor; and Hussein Hilmi Bey, the comparatively peaceful Grand Vizier, says, in speaking of Turkey's future:—

"We must try to make of Turkey a military Power of the first order, to have a well-organised and instructed army, a powerful fleet," &c., &c., afterwards, going on to speak of secondary things, such as railways, industry, and commerce, and—last of all—schools.

To a certain extent this military spirit is natural and excusable in the Turks, but I am afraid that it will make them too proud, too Chauvinistic, and, at the same time (for, after all, they are a simple people), too likely to become the tool of European Powers which may seek to excite them on the subject of Egypt, India, Persia, Crete, or Mahomedanism generally.

The "Seman" of Salonica recently published, apropos of the murder of Sir Curzon Wyllie, a ferocious article, entitled "Peoples of Asia, to arms!" in which it preached the solidarity of all the Asiatic Peoples in the face of Europe's mania for expansion at their expense, and painted the wrongs of Asia in glaring colors. In the same way a leading and very able Turkish deputy,

who edits a paper called "Le Courier D'Orient," said (July 23rd), that Turkey also must have her "point of view on the Polish, Scandinavian, and even on the Irish question."

The army, of course, goes even further than this in its martial pride. When the Cretan question was acute, Mahmud Shefket spoke of a march on Athens, and the 4th Army Corps wired to Constantinople, offering its services against Greece "in case the 2nd and 3rd Army Corps are too tired after their exertions of April 24th." On the same occasion a Turkish paper, addressing itself menacingly to the Government, said that "the Cabinet must not think that the sceptre of power is a stick to lean on idly," meaning that the sceptre is, in its opinion, a "big stick" wherewith a Government should be forever laying about it, and which is in fact intended for no other purpose.

This is the naive and martial temper of the Turk—how different, by the way, to the restrained and diplomatic Japanese temper, how similar in some respects to the tone of the foolish young Chinese who talked so loudly some time ago of abolishing extra-territoriality and who have now, under the reactionary *régime* of Prince Ching, subsided so suddenly and so completely.

Russian Publicists are already expressing apprehensions that Germany may make a cat's-paw of the Ottomans. A Constantinopolitan Russian, writing in the "Novoe Vremya" of August 5th, points to the extraordinary reception given to von der Goltz Pasha on his return to Turkey (a reception which would never be given by the Turks to Tolstoy or to the greatest leaders of European thought), when at the railway station all the officers of higher rank than Generals publicly kissed von der Goltz's hand. This German instructor was soon after made Vice-President of the Higher Military Council, and, at his instance, seventeen more German officers are to come to Turkey to teach, while twenty-nine Turkish officers are to go to Germany to learn. Moreover, at the instance of General von der Goltz, the Higher Military Council has decided, in spite of Turkey's serious financial weakness, soon to re-arm the whole army with Mausers and to order 460 quick-firing batteries. All these things, as well as vast quantities of ammunition, will be bought in Germany.

The Russian writer whom I quote is somewhat afraid of a Turkey which is only the puppet of Germany, for such a Turkey could be used to bring pressure on St. Petersburg. In 1877-1878 the Russians found it very hard to overcome the resistance of 350,000 Turks, "badly armed, half naked, and hungry, commanded by an infinitesimal number of educated officers—nine per cent. of the whole." At present the Turkish army numbers about one million. "On our Caucasian frontier we would have now against us, not 50,000 bayonets, as was the case thirty-two years ago, but 185,000 bayonets, and 50,000 sabres"—all the men being well organised, well armed, and well officered.

I shall not follow the Russian writer into his descriptions of how Germany worked up the Turks on the subject of Russia's proceedings in Persia, and how she got the Grand Vizier to invite many Germanophile Bulgarian students and officers to visit Constantinople by way of reply to Russia's invitation of a number of Russophile Bulgarian officers to St. Petersburg.

The broad fact remains, however, that Germany—not philosophic, poetical, literary, or scientific Germany, but military Germany alone—seems to have hypnotised the Turks. It may be a passing phase, but it bodes ill for the general development of Young Turkey.

Germany, of course, is not to be blamed for this, since wherever they go—whether to Tokio or to Stamboul—her military instructors do their work extraordinarily well; and, as a matter of fact, we ourselves, the peaceful, anti-militarist nation of Europe, have lent Turkey an admiral in order to carry out a most unnecessary and expensive task—the re-organisation of her fleet.

The whole evil lies in Turkey's inability at present really to admire or understand anything European save military efficiency, and in her coming just at this moment under the influence of a Power where militarism plays

such an important rôle that it must seem to the simple-minded Turks to be the unique cause of Germany's greatness.

Turkey it is hard to blame, and I certainly do not mean this letter to be an attack on the new régime. It cannot, of course, be expected to change in a day that military character for which the Osmanli have been noted ever since they first appeared in history.

I strongly approve of almost everything the Young Turks have done so far, and I am proud to be able to claim some of the Committee leaders as my personal friends, but I think that their intensely martial spirit is an historical fact that should be noted even by a sincere friend. European observers have shut their eyes to it, so far, but that does not improve matters in the least.—Yours, &c.,

YOUR BALKAN CORRESPONDENT.

Communications.

GOVERNMENT BY BUREAUCRACY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It seems strange that amidst all the panaceas—extensions of franchise, payment of members, proportional representation, referendum, abolition of the House of Lords, &c.—designed for democratising legislative and administrative machinery, no democratic politician should yet have been found to lay his hand on the mainspring of the real government of this country. Few free and independent electors realise that they are really dominated by a clique of gentlemen whose names are to be read in Whitaker and other places where lists of Government functionaries are recorded. Each Government Department is presided over by a permanent Under-Secretary and a Parliamentary Secretary, besides a staff of assistant secretaries of various grades. These gentlemen it is who really “run” the country. In the view of the average elector, and even of many persons who consider themselves democratic politicians, the Government staff of the departments is a necessity in order to give “continuity” to policy. This specious and sweetly reasonable sounding word, when translated into practice, discloses itself as meaning the maintenance of policy along the strictly reactionary grooves of official red tape and official solidarity. As regards the latter point, it is interesting to note that there are two classes at the opposite ends of the scale in modern civilised society that are remarkable for the strength of cohesion of their members amongst themselves and the strength of their resistance to any interference from outside—the criminal class and the official class. The professional criminal, as is well known, holds it his first point of honor to back up a brother professional when in trouble; an official personage also regards it as the first point of professional etiquette to back up his colleagues, right or wrong, against the outside world. Yet that the possession of the whole power of administration, besides a large share in the initiative of legislation, by bodies of officials or, in other words, by a bureaucracy, is radically incompatible with democratic progress and control of the affairs of the community, is realised, as already said, by few persons in the present day. Is it not the Ministers representing the Parliamentary majority of the time whose behests the permanent Secretaries and their departments and their staffs are constrained to obey? Are they not there to carry out the mandates of the party in power? This *sancta simplicitas* of the average man as to the working of the system under which he lives would be incredible did we not have continual experience of it, and it subsists, so to say, in the teeth of the daily evidence afforded by Ministerial answers to questions in Parliament concerning their respective departments.

If the omnipotence of the permanent official in matters of administration is inadequately realised by the ordinary politician, who gets his politics from his newspaper, this same person probably does not realise at all the power of the official hierarchy in matters of legislation.

He does not know, probably, that the drafting of every Government Bill is the work, not of the Minister, but of the heads of the department in the domain of which its subject-matter lies. The Minister communicates the general scheme of his Bill to his “office,” whose secretaries then prepare the draft of the measure proposed. This draft may go backwards and forwards several times, but it is rare, indeed, when its final shape is not given to it by the bureaucrats of the department—a shape in which the original and avowed intention of the measure is invariably watered down and not seldom practically nullified. However this may be, the permanent staff upon whom devolves the work of superintending the administration of the measure can always whittle down the practical efficiency of the measure in the direction of and to the proportions approved by its bureaucratic traditions.

As a general rule, the Minister of the day is only too willing to allow himself to be “bossed” by his permanent staff. But, even should this not be the case, it would require a veritable Napoleon or Cromwell to bear down the pressure exercised on the nominal mandator of Parliament by the bureaucracy of his department. The organised officialdom of the Government offices regards its right to “run” the affairs of the nation as a kind of vested interest, to lay hands on which is sacrilege. The Minister, should such a one be found, who resolutely set his face to carry through any considerable change unacceptable to his departmental secretaries, would soon find his life intolerable and his position untenable. Intrenching themselves behind their assumed experience of the routine of their department, they have found the way to making themselves masters in effect of the British people.

Now, government by bureaucracy, by a ring of gentlemen, that is, for the most part belonging to, or connected with, certain high social and official circles in this country, may be, of course, all right. Opinion as to this will be largely determined by class interest and political association. But, in the name of common political intelligence, let us recognise how we stand. So long as the present bureaucratic oligarchy has the lion's share in controlling the immediate destinies of the country, to talk of the democratic character of the British Constitution partakes of the nature of a sorry joke. There is no element in the existing machinery of government of Great Britain, not even the House of Lords itself, that stands so much in the way of all democratic change, legislative and administrative, as the permanent bureaucracy of the State Departments. And yet this is a point which seems to strike no one. It is none the less certain that until this bureaucratic oligarchy is broken down, together with the kind of “continuity” for which it stands, the belief in Great Britain being even half-way a politically democratic State will remain little better than a delusion.—Yours, &c.,

E. BELFORT BAX.

October 12th, 1909.

Letters to the Editor.

THE PEOPLE'S SUFFRAGE FEDERATION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—A new suffrage society, the People's Suffrage Federation, has been formed this week. It asks for the vote for every man and woman on a short residential qualification. If the House of Commons is to represent the people truly, every man and woman must have the vote independently of property and tenancy.

The Prime Minister announced last year that he intended to bring in a Reform Bill, and would accept the decision of the House of Commons and the country on an amendment giving votes to women. At this critical time, with a general election expected, all who value representation should rally without a moment's delay, and do their best to obtain a definite promise before the election, that if the present Government returns to power, the Reform Bill shall be made a part of its immediate programme and shall give votes to all men and women.

Women's enfranchisement is urgent. They are as much

concerned in law and government as men. A large proportion of the wage-earners are women, and women control the greater part of the people's consumption. Their personal rights need protection as much as men's, and only through full citizenship will justice be done to their claims.

Property and tenancy qualifications would place women of the working class, whether married or single, at a great disadvantage on account of their relatively low earnings, and because the working housewife, though economically self-supporting, is unpaid.

In the case of men, the present qualifications give too much weight to the propertied class and make representation unstable through its dependence on transient conditions. Depression of trade, for instance, disfranchises men at the very time when their state most requires public consideration; unemployment extinguishes votes by the thousand in many a great manufacturing centre, through inability to pay rates punctually, through the necessity of moving from houses to lodgings, and through taking temporary work at the Poor Law stoneyard. In the interests of the whole nation, and especially of women and of the workers, Parliament should give the people true representation instead of the present unjust and arbitrary electoral system.

Some preliminary work has shown that the country is riper for adult suffrage than was supposed. The Parliamentary Labor Party has passed a special resolution of sympathy with the object of the Federation, and our Parliamentary Council already numbers eighty-three, including thirty-five Labor members, among whom are Mr. A. Henderson, Mr. D. J. Shackleton, Mr. F. W. Jowett, Mr. J. R. Clynes, Mr. G. H. Roberts, Mr. C. Duncan, Mr. T. Burt, Mr. Charles Fenwick, Mr. W. Brace, and Mr. Abrahams ("Mabon"). We have also the support of many Liberals, including Sir William Collins, Mr. W. H. Dickinson, Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Geoffrey Howard, Mr. Norman Lamont, Sir Charles Maclean, Mr. A. Ponsonby, Mr. J. M. Robertson, Sir Charles Rose, Mr. Russell Rea, and Mr. W. F. Roch.

Among our first group of supporters were officials of Women's Trade Unions, the Women's Co-operative Guild, the Women's Labor League, and the Railway Women's Guild, and we begin active work with nearly 500 members, among whom are Miss Bondfield, Miss Florence Balgarnie, Mr. W. Barefoot, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Middleton, Miss Janet Case, Miss M. M. A. Ward, Mr. A. F. Peterson, K.C., Prof. L. T. Hobhouse, Miss Tuckwell, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Roden Buxton, Mrs. Russell Rea, the Hon. Mrs. Bertrand Russell, Mr. Aneurin Williams, Mrs. Sidney Webb, Mr. George Lansbury, Mr. and Mrs. George Trevelyan, Mr. Arthur Peters, Mr. W. A. Appleton, Mr. Crompton Llewelyn Davies, Mrs. Josiah Wedgwood, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Fels, Mr. E. Richard Cross, Dr. Salter, L.C.C., Mr. A. N. Whitehead, Sc.D., F.R.S., Mr. H. W. Massingham, Mr. A. G. Gardiner, Mr. Robert Donald, Miss Margaret McMillan, Miss Millicent Murby, Mrs. H. J. Tennant, Lady Mary Murray, Miss Jane Harrison, Mr. John Galsworthy, Mr. J. M. Barrie, Sir William Wedderburn, Mr. Arnold Rowntree, Sir Charles Radford, Dr. Lawson Dodd, Hon. Bertrand Russell. The first twenty-eight are on our General Committee.

Work in the country has scarcely begun, but already over seventy local societies, representing a membership of several thousands, have affiliated. They include executives and branches of working women's societies, branches of the Independent Labor Party, Women's Liberal Associations, Trade Unions, and Trades Councils. It is well known that the Labor Party Congress, the Trade Union Congress, and the London Liberal Federation support Adult Suffrage; and the People's Suffrage Federation looks forward with confidence to bringing together in a national movement very strong forces hitherto too scattered and too little organised to take effect. May we through your columns invite all adult suffragists to join funds and forces with us? We do not ask those who become members of the Federation to leave other suffrage societies, but we offer a new opportunity for men and women to work together for complete political freedom.—Yours, &c.,

EMILY HOBHOUSE,
Chairman of Executive Committee.
MARGARET LLEWELYN DAVIES,
MARY R. MACARTHUR,
Hon. Secs.

October 14th, 1909.

THE PERIOD OF THE DISSOLUTION.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—May I, as a constant reader, claim some of your valuable space to give the reasons why, in case the Lords pass the Budget, the Government ought not to dissolve Parliament until the end of the year 1911?

(1) The sufficiency of a Free Trade Budget for both naval and military armaments and for social amelioration will be demonstrated in the next two years.

(2) The Tariffers will have two years more of a costly and hopeless drain on their resources.

(3) In 1900 the Government can pass (because the Lords will not reject it) their Labor Assurance Bill, which will greatly mitigate the hardships of the unemployed and take away one of the most effective arguments of the Tariffers.

(4) In 1910 and 1911 a Welsh Disestablishment Bill and a Registration Reform Bill can be passed through the Commons and rejected by the Lords, so filling up the cup.

(5) We have the certainty of two years more of peace with foreign nations.

(6) Trade is improving, and we had better dissolve in a time of extra good trade.

(7) Elections are very costly. Many a hard-working member of Parliament can afford an election once in six years, who would be ruined by elections once every three years. An average county election costs £1,500 (on the top of the annual expenses of the constituency at least £500 a year). Only a very rich man, or one whose expenses are paid for him by some trade union or other association, can afford such a sum of money very often. With the veto of the House of Lords and Irish Home Rule in front of us, elections, "notwithstanding the septennial Act," may follow fast after this Parliament ends. Frequent elections imply a Parliament composed for the most part of very rich men—delegates of associations, and seekers after place. Already good men are declining re-election, and candidates are scarce because of the cost.

(8) If the Lords force upon us a constitutional crisis, there are many members of Parliament and candidates who will be ready to make sacrifices of hardly-earned savings to save their country. But it is not wise to force such a sacrifice just because some people think the moment opportune for a party gain at the election: such opportunism will be disappointed. If the Lords have "climbed down" it will have taken all the steam out of our boiler, and it will be necessary to seek other causes of quarrel.

(9) It is always possible that, during the next two years, the Lord Chancellor may resign or may decide that the benches of magistrates, now packed with Tories, shall have an infusion of Liberals. This would make a difference in our favor of at least twenty county seats, counting forty in a division. This chance is well worth waiting for.—Yours, &c.,

LIBERAL M.P.

October 12th, 1909.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS AS A SENATE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The time cannot be far distant when the Liberal leaders will have to determine the precise nature of their appeal to the nation with respect to their proposals for the reform of the House of Lords, so that their critics cannot afterwards accuse them of obscurity. If these proposals are not clearly stated before the election, the Opposition will say that the Government have no mandate to carry out this or that reform, and yet another election might have to be fought on this very question. It is, therefore, desirable that not only the leaders should be precise, but that every Liberal candidate should state clearly in his election address the precise nature of the change he advocates in the constitution of the House of Lords, and the relations that should exist between the two Houses.

Is the appeal to the nation to be only for power to regulate the relations between the two Houses, or is it, in addition, to ask for powers to reform the constitution of the Upper House?

In the few lines which I propose to address to you, I advocate both courses, as being strictly in accordance with justice and with the spirit of the age, but especially as the

more likely to rally all sections of the progressive forces to the support of the Government.

The policy of Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman was directed towards limiting the veto, leaving the constitution of the House of Lords intact; but it must be remembered that Sir Henry was an old man, and he may have justly thought that the limiting of the veto was as much as he could carry in his lifetime. But even he did not necessarily regard this as the last word on the question of the Second Chamber. Sir Henry's proposition was that, within the limits of a single Parliament, the will of the House of Commons should prevail, and his method of doing this was to send a Bill up to the Lords three times, in different sessions, and, on the third time, the Bill was to pass. So that the Bills of a Liberal Government of the future, in its first session, could not be expected to pass till the third session, the Bills of the second session till the fourth session, and the Bills of the third session till the fifth session, and so on, if a Liberal Government lasted as long.

Surely this is to reduce the work of future Liberal Governments to sterility, as this course almost invites the Lords to throw out Bills they do not like, in the hope that something might turn up to upset the Liberal Government before the third session after a Bill was first presented.

To avoid reducing the work of a Liberal Government to such sterility as this, I should advocate this change, "That within the limits of a single session the will of the Commons should prevail."

Now, a word as to the constitution of the Upper House.

I consider the constitution of the Second House of Parliament, confining its membership, as it does, to one class of his Majesty's subjects—viz., the Bishops and hereditary Peers—a gross injustice to the commercial and middle classes of this country, who are really the backbone of the country, and who do all its thinking and revenue-producing. A man may be endowed with all the wisdom of a Socrates; he may possess a brain of the greatest power; he may be a great captain of industry, possessing the most intimate knowledge of commercial matters upon which the prosperity of this country depends; he may even be a great lawyer, financier, or other professional man; but under the present constitution he cannot be a member of the Second House of Parliament unless he be a Peer of the Realm.

Further, in the present constitution of the second chamber, there is not the slightest pretence at representation of the people, the peers merely representing themselves and their class. It therefore happens that this House, thus constituted, can in no sense be regarded as a revising chamber, as is claimed for it by its partisans. It is not even impartial, especially when matters connected with the land are before it.

My plan, therefore, is to turn the House of Lords into a Senate, into which every duly qualified subject of his Majesty should have a chance of entering, and, further, it should be representative of the people. I would bring this about in a very simple manner.

I would adopt a system of county conventions in which all the members elected to the House of Commons for the towns, boroughs, and county divisions of a county should form an electoral body for the purpose of electing the members to the Senate for that county, and the number of members to be elected for that county to the Senate should be one-third of the number of members of the House of Commons for that county, and should be divided as to parties proportionately to the number of members elected by that county to the Commons. For instance, if Yorkshire returned 36 Liberals, 30 Conservatives, 9 Laborites, to the Commons, the representatives of Yorkshire in the Senate should be 12 Liberals, 10 Conservatives, and 3 Laborites. I should probably be told that by this system the Senate would be of the same political complexion as the House of Commons. This would be so, and rightly so, if the representation of the people is to count for anything, only in a reduced degree. And, further, it would follow that each party would naturally put forward its very best available men for the Senate. By this method you would call into existence a body of men who would be of very real assistance in legislation, who would give the Senate the benefit of their experience—commercial, professional, or otherwise—and not as now when 500 out of the 600 peers never attend, unless

whipped up for a special purpose, and whose stock of knowledge of matters political and commercial is of the slenderest. The new Senate would thus be a very valuable revising chamber, and its opinions would be held in much more respect than those of the present House of Lords.

Further, this method of indirect election, while being in every sense representative of the people, would enable a class of men to come forward who, while being good thinkers and good workers, have no liking for the rough and tumble of a contested Parliamentary election. The nation would therefore be a great gainer in thinking power, and the new Senate would become in the best sense of the word a "revising" chamber, which the present House of Lords distinctly is not.

This would be no revolution, but a very moderate and desirable change, and in accord with the system in force in our Colonies.

At the same time, the relations between the House of Commons and the Senate should be so adjusted that, in cases of disputes incapable of amicable settlement, the will of the Commons should prevail.

Having set forth what I consider a very moderate solution of the Second Chamber question, I invite the views and criticism of your readers on my plan; and if the Liberal leaders can see their way to ask the nation for a mandate, not only to adjust the relations between the two Houses, but to alter the constitution of the Upper Chamber on some such lines as I have above indicated, I believe they would have the nation with them heart and soul.

It must not be forgotten that the present electorate only represents a little more than one-half of the male population of Great Britain over the age of twenty-one.

The electorate at present numbers about six millions, while the number of males over the age of twenty-one is about eleven millions. This means that about five millions of loyal and patriotic Englishmen, Scotchmen, Welshmen, and Irishmen have no votes at all, chiefly through the present residuary qualification, although all of them would be paying the indirect taxes, and a great proportion of them paying taxes through their rent.

It is, therefore, most desirable that this great body of voiceless public opinion should be enfranchised as soon as possible to take their share in determining the future of the legislation of their country.

For all I know, all this may already have occurred to the Liberal leaders. Whether it has or not, I sincerely hope it will form their policy in their coming appeal to the nation. If it does, they may count on certain victory.—Yours, &c.,

HERBERT JOHN DOREE,

Late President of the Harrow Division Liberal Association, and C.C. for Farringdon Within.
104 and 105, Newgate Street, E.C.
October 14th, 1909.

SUFFRAGISTS AND SUFFRAGETTES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Since my letter in your columns of September 18th, upon which Mr. John R. Tomlinson comments in your last issue, the constitutional suffragists have deemed it necessary to publish something like an adequate protest against the perpetration of "tactics as wicked as they are foolish."

By way of reply to Mr. Tomlinson, I would point out that Lord Crewe seized the opportunity to condemn disorder at Budget protest meetings, whereas certain of the constitutional suffragist leaders have deliberately refused to condemn the disorderly and riotous conduct of the militant women. I am quite prepared to enlarge upon this, but, as a supporter of the enfranchisement of women, I prefer to refrain from criticising past procedure now that by the issue of this recent protest the outlook has been rendered more hopeful. The Constitutionalists will, I trust, realise the necessity of seizing opportunities to emphasise their "deep and abiding disapproval of tactics of violence and disorder."—Yours, &c.,

J. RANKINE FINLAYSON.

Manchester, October 13th, 1909.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE SUFFRAGETTES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Can nothing be done to prevent the Government continuing its disastrous policy in reference to the Suffragettes? Whatever view we may hold of the suffrage movement and the provocative methods of its militant supporters, we, who are devoted to Liberalism, can feel nothing but shame and distress in thinking of the force, amounting to brutality, which is now being used to break the spirit of high-minded and devoted women. For it cannot be denied that what gives power to this movement is an earnest desire on the part of these women to raise the status of their sex, and by so doing to promote purity in public and in private life. The Government has not only ignored your remonstrance and flouted the advice given to it by the "Manchester Guardian" and the "Daily News," but it has even aggravated its repressive measures. The professed guardians of political liberty appear in the light of its deliberate persecutors, and the scenes daily enacted in our own prisons contrast strangely with the indignation in which we so freely indulge with respect to the misdeeds of other countries.

Political liberty is not only a right, but a duty, and it is surely a denial of everything hitherto connected with Liberalism to hold that those who are opposed to political liberty have precisely the same right to consideration by the Government as those who are in its favor. And yet that was Mr. Asquith's contention in his reply to the Constitutional Suffragists. Slavery would never have been abolished if the Abolitionists had admitted as an argument worthy of consideration that thousands of the slaves themselves were anxious to avoid the responsibilities of freedom.

Acknowledgment of the fact that technical obstruction for political purposes is a political offence would go some way to solving the present difficulties, but such difficulties might be entirely removed if an undertaking were given by the Prime Minister on the lines of your excellent suggestion last week, namely, that if in the first session a clearly pledged majority of Suffragists returned to the next Parliament carried a resolution in favor of the removal of sex disability, the Government would allow effect to be given to this judgment in a Franchise Bill. You would certainly be conferring an immense boon upon many conscientious Liberals, and you would perhaps rescue the Government from a false position, which undoubtedly must be highly distasteful to them, if by the influence of your powerful journal you could bring about this result.—Yours, &c.,

"HOW IT STRIKES A CONTEMPORARY."

October 13th, 1909.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE MILITANT SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The militant suffrage movement has reached a stage of development at which analysis becomes possible. If we examine its features we shall see, I think, that it does not differ in essentials from other eccentric movements with which history and passing events have made us familiar. It is a striking example of hypnotic suggestion. The women whose wild actions cause such widespread dismay are themselves passive rather than active, an effect rather than a cause; for the most part they are in a semi-hypnotised condition, which has always a tendency to become more intense under the application of increased stimulus. All the features of the movement, so far as it has gone, have their parallels in medieval history—the dancing epidemics, the cataleptic seizures, the devil possessions, the children's crusade, and many another manifestation, whose cause remained hidden until the power of auto-suggestion was realised. The nervous organisation of mankind has not as yet steadied itself sufficiently to withstand these attacks, which recur from time to time. Psychologically considered, there is little to choose between the impulse that prompts the ready volunteers of the militant army to disorder and something very like outrage, and that which irresistibly impels uncultured revivalists to the penitent form. Strong suggestion is there, fomented by the crowd, and repeated more and more urgently; the excitement grows until the hypnotised ones hand out money, offer service, rush out for street brawls, and finally, as the possession becomes deeper

and more complete, take to violence and indiscriminate lawlessness.

The natural centre for an enterprise of this kind is London. In London are found the over-developed nervous condition, the amenability to emotional suggestion, which have generally characterised great capitals, ancient and modern. From Teddy bears to religious fashions, new ideas are seized and transmitted with a swiftness which astonishes the slower wits of the provinces outside. No one familiar with London audiences can fail to perceive their ready suggestibility. I have seen money drawn from a London meeting by the sheer force of insistent appeal—a method which would have failed utterly with, say, a North Country audience. The ease with which funds are raised for militant suffrage campaigns, however satisfactory to the organisers, is no justification of their policy, but rather tells the other way. I have watched many social movements rise to success, and others which have failed, but I never knew a sound and well-based effort to be rewarded at once by large subscriptions from the general public. Movements which have life in them only gradually succeed in winning large public support. Those who have followed the social movements of the last twenty or thirty years will, I am sure, bear me out in this. It is the superficial appeal to unregulated emotions, the flashy expression of shallow thinking, whether in matters of religion, of sentiment, or of politics, that bring forth the instant response, open the purse-strings, drive crowds to their knees or to mischief, as the case may be.

We find, then, that there is nothing abnormal in the present manifestation, which corresponds both in features, habitat, and growth, to a large class of familiar cases. A movement of this kind may be started at any time by a small group of persons who are at once amenable to auto-suggestion and capable of communicating it to others. In its course individuals of a more thoughtful type may be drawn in, but the motive power remains the same. Its source does not lie in definite thought, but rather in a mental condition in which thought lies half dormant, and the emotion which stimulates it is abnormally active. The question remains—what is likely to be the future of an effervescence of this kind? History tells us with great plainness that there is a limit to the duration of hypnotic suggestion, and, when it passes, the crowd melts away, betaking itself to its ordinary avocations. How soon the current will cease in the present case cannot be said: either the novelty will merely fade, or some excess will frighten the wealthy supporters, in which case collapse will result. The movement has no democratic root, no organisation which could carry it over reverses. Until that moment arrives, however, more legitimate efforts for the enfranchisement of women can do little beyond marking time. The strident faction occupies, and will occupy, the field, blocking all progress and strewing obstacles along the path.—Yours, &c.,

(Mrs.) A. AMY BROOKE.

33, Acorn Street, Whitworth Park,
Manchester,

October 14th, 1909.

THE DEATH OF FERRER.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Is it not conceivable that if the Tear had not been officially received in England, Ferrer would not have been shot in Spain?

There is solidarity amongst tyrants, and to condone the crimes of one is to nullify the influence of public opinion on another.—Yours, &c.,

E. M. CORDEN SICKERT.

October 14th, 1909.

"REVALUATIONS."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The kind and sympathetic reviewer of my "Revaluations" in your issue of October 9th quotes Plato as saying "that the worst of the Greeks is better than the best of the barbarians." Taken without qualifications, this might be supposed to imply that the most virtuous of contemporary Persians or Egyptians was morally inferior, say, to the tyrant Dionysius. I cannot think that Plato went so far, nor do I suppose that the reviewer means

that he did. I presume the reference is to that celebrated passage in the "Protagoras" (quoted on p. 63 of my book), where the great Humanist Sophist is represented as saying that "he who appears to you to be the worst of those who have been brought up in laws and humanities would appear to be a just man . . . compared with men who had no education, or courts of justice, or laws . . . with the savages, for example, whom the poet Pherecrates exhibited on the stage." But Protagoras—or Plato, if the credit of this idea belongs to him—is obviously speaking, not of barbarians in the sense of non-Greeks, but of those primitive folk who apparently were being held up as models of virtue by Greek advocates of a return to nature and the simple life.—Yours, &c.,

A. W. BENN.

Florence, October 11th, 1909.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS AND SOCIALISM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The discussion referred to in your last issue on "Socialism from the Standpoint of Christianity," at the Swansea Church Congress, was significant both on the grounds you mention and for other reasons as well. Churchmen who are Socialists have good reason to complain that while two speakers who are known as keen anti-Socialists were selected by the Committee to curse Socialism, its defence was entrusted to the Bishop of Truro, who is definitely not a Socialist, as was proved by his speech at Barrow three years ago, and to the Rev. John Wakeford, a clergyman who has certainly democratic leanings, but who is not a member of any definite Socialist body. It is, perhaps, still more significant that the Chairman—doubtless from a desire that the Bishops and dignitaries present should be guarded from unbecoming intrusion—absolutely refused a hearing to the Socialist clergy present at the meeting. I happen to know that Father Adderley sent up his card five times without being called upon, and that Father Healy and Mrs. Mansell Moullin (Treasurer of the Church Socialist League) also sent up their cards with the like result. Non-Socialists were allowed the fullest opportunity of presenting their case; this was denied to Socialists.

This policy of boycott, which was begun at the Manchester Church Congress last year, has had the effect of alienating men of the type of the Rev. Conrad Noel and the Rev. Drew Roberts from the Congress, but has been less successful in its results than its promoters imagine. The Church Socialist League organised a series of meetings at Swansea during the Congress week. The halls were packed, and the enthusiasm so great that the London correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian" thought the fact worthy of special comment. Socialism, in the opinion of the majority of our bishops, may be "undesirable and impracticable," but there is a growing and influential section of churchmen, both clergy and laity, who hold it to be the necessary outcome of New Testament teaching.—Yours, &c.,

(REV.) JOHN A. GRANT,

London Organiser Church Socialist League.

Holmwood, The Avenue,

Bedford Park,

October 14th, 1909.

COMPULSORY PURCHASE IN IRELAND.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The prominence given to the question of compulsory purchase in the recent debate in the House of Lords on the Irish Land Bill, induces me to offer some suggestions on that important subject.

As an Assistant Legal Land Commissioner from the year 1881 to the year 1896, I adjudicated on upwards of sixty thousand fair rent applications in different counties in Ireland, and in dealing with these cases I had the advantage of studying the difficulties and anomalies of the Irish land problem in all its aspects.

Twenty-eight years ago, the far-seeing Lord Beaconsfield stated "That the only solution of the Irish land question was to make every tenant a peasant proprietor," his idea being "that by doing so he would cease to be an agitator and become a Conservative."

The subsequent progress of land purchase has verified his Lordship's prophecy, as it cannot be denied that peace and prosperity have taken the place of discontent and disorder in those districts in which the tenants have purchased their holdings. Such a fact is worth a thousand arguments, and should have its due weight in the consideration of any scheme that would hasten and facilitate the accomplishment of such a desirable end.

In this connection I should like, in passing, to refer to Lord Ashbourne's Act of 1885. Of the many Land Purchase Acts passed, it has produced the most satisfactory results, both for landlord and tenant, and had the Treasury advance sanctioned by that Act been supplemented by the millions that have since been provided for Irish land purchase, a very large proportion of the holdings of Ireland would now have been well on their way to the ultimate goal of fee-simple ownership.

Compulsory purchase is not a recent creation. In State interests the principle has long been recognised in the construction of railways, and other national and public works; and safeguarded as it has been, by just and equitable conditions of procedure, no injustice has arisen, whilst inestimable advantages have followed from its operation. What, therefore, is to be feared from its application to the purchase of agricultural lands, by occupiers whose fair rents have already been fixed. Undoubtedly, in the face of increasing foreign competition and enhanced cost of labor, it is in the interest of the State, as well as of the parties themselves, that they should be placed in a position of security against future disaster.

The application of compulsion to the purchase of the agricultural holdings of Ireland is only a corollary to the Land Act of 1881, which authorised two land commissioners and a legal chairman to determine the rent a landlord was to receive for his land. Surely, it is not advancing the principle to such an extent as should cause alarm, to say what sum the landlord should be paid in cash for the purchase of that rent. The Irish Land Acts already provide that in the case of the landlord pre-empting and electing to purchase the tenant's interest in a holding, the Court shall fix the price to be paid; it is a case of dual ownership, and why should not the same principle apply to the purchase of the landlord's interest? I must not be understood as advocating that the landlord should in such circumstances receive one penny less than the market value of his rent. His Grace the late Duke of Devonshire, speaking in Belfast in November, 1893, in favor of compulsory purchase, pithily enunciated the principle upon which purchase should proceed, namely, "The basis must be—the terms of sale being safe and fair for the owner, as well as prudent for the buyer." That being so, what injustice could arise?

I should like to add one further suggestion. According to the figures given in the course of the debate, it would appear that about one-half of the lands of Ireland have been already sold under the several Land Purchase Acts for a sum of one hundred millions, and it is estimated that another hundred millions will be required to complete the purchase of the whole—that is, assuming that the remaining moiety of the landlords can be induced to sell voluntarily. Should they not, however, elect to part with their territorial rights, the inevitable result will be that one-half of the tenants of Ireland will have secured a position of independence and contentment, whilst the remainder, patchworked amongst them all over Ireland, will be obliged to remain in their present condition of unrest and uncertainty, which, it is needless to add, will be highly provocative of disorder and lawlessness. The social and political effect of such a state of things does not call for any further comment.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD GREIR, B.L.

Dalkley, October 14th, 1909.

ELECTIONS ON SUNDAY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As a General Election is much talked about just now, allow me, through the medium of your paper, to suggest either the extension of the present polling hours or the holding of elections on Sunday.

Closing the poll at 8 p.m. on a week-day means the disfranchisement of many.

Great political demonstrations and many public meetings are held on Sunday. Many of our public libraries and museums are open, newspapers are published on that day, we indulge in various physical recreations and excursions by rail, &c., &c.; then why should not our elections be on a Sunday, particularly as it is the only day of the week when the vast majority are free? The question of seven days' work could be arranged by giving the few officials engaged in the election a holiday the following day. In several Continental countries elections are on Sunday. Why not try the experiment here? The difficulty in the way is the breaking of our national prejudices and customs. But these are, happily, going by the run. There is nothing detrimental in the suggestion to afford electors greater facilities for polling, which is decidedly a most important factor in the eventual administration of public affairs. The better the day the better the deed.—Yours, &c.,

ALBERT RAPHAEL.

The National Liberal Club,
October 13th, 1909.

"SMITH."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*

SIR,—I am afraid that Mr. William Archer is more Royalist than the King, a firmer adherent of Mr. Maugham than Mr. Maugham himself. Mr. Archer, in your last issue, castigated the reviews of "Smith," which appeared in "The Standard" and "Evening Standard," for their objections to improprieties in the dialogue of that play. Mr. Archer saw no improprieties and made a fierce onslaught upon me for being more observant.

It is a little awkward for Mr. Archer that the management of the Comedy Theatre, immediately after the production of "Smith," sent an official statement to the newspapers to the effect that Mr. Maugham had recognised that part of his dialogue was not suitable to a "mixed audience," and had already deleted all that portion to which exception had been taken. "Smith" is now performed without one of the lines to which I objected!—Yours, &c.,

BOYLE LAWRENCE.

"The Standard," 104, Shoe Lane,
Fleet Street, London, E.C.
October 11th, 1909.

[Mr. Boyle Lawrence's retort is quite justified, and I owe him an apology. At the same time I was right in protesting that there was no offence in the play I saw. The fact is, I went on the second night, and did not suspect that any change had been made in the dialogue.—W. A.]

A REQUEST FOR INFORMATION.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I am collecting materials with a view to helping the Comité d'Initiative de Provins and the Société d'Archéologie de Seine et Marne, who wish to know dates and details when Provins was in the possession of the English, and where archival manuscripts relating to these may be consulted and copied. Such manuscripts may be under the rubric of Provins, Champagne, or la Brie, or may have become the property of a private collector. In this case, would the owner kindly help me in my quest? I shall be much obliged for any assistance that the readers of *THE NATION* may be able to afford, either through the medium of your paper or direct to myself.—Yours, &c.,

A. THIRION.

35, Paulton's Square, Chelsea, S.W.
October 13th, 1909.

AN EXPERIMENT IN RURAL HOUSING.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—It must not be accepted by your readers that the advantages set forth by "Country Vicar" in a recent issue are confined to isolated cases.

An intimate connection for forty years with freehold land, in both populous and rural districts, in the course of which I have assisted in the making of some hundreds of working men freeholders, satisfies me there is no widespread difficulty in the way of the thrifty working man living on his own freehold if he so desires, and that at a less total cost than £285, and, not merely without any charge upon the general community, but with an "unearned increment" added to the locality, in the shape of increased value of the rate assessment.

Private enterprise, combined with local building societies established on the soundest lines, and managed locally, have been the means by which these desirable results have been obtained.

Such societies have made advances on mortgage of at least 75 per cent. of the value, at a rate of interest less than $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. in later years, repayable by monthly instalments amounting, with the local rates added, to little more than the usual rent, extending over a period of years.

Such has been my experience (and I doubt not the experience of many others) that scepticism invades my mind when I read of the land being "held up," and the working man's difficulty in obtaining land for house and garden at a reasonable price—a doubt which I regret you are not able to share with me.—Yours, &c.,

LEGAL

Poetry.

SIMPLICITY.

I AM a follower of Jesus Christ
To whom a lily of the field sufficed
More than the glory and gold of one
Who ruled beneath the name of Solomon.
I have the heart to be a little child,
And play among the grasses growing wild,
Gathering, gathering bright little flowers.
Men are too subtle and they waste their powers.

For life is simple to the violets,
Daisies and buttercups that Spring begets
With warmth of sun and rain on big broad earth.
There is a deep content, more deep than mirth,
Or cavil of words, or tears, or questionings,
In the slow birth and living of green things.

I have a mind to be more simple than
The twisted, racked, illusioned mind of man.

Christ walked the earth, and in his heart a rose,
And in his eyes calm stars that watched the throes
Of men embroiled and cunning. And he wept.
He gathered to Him all whom life had swept
Nearer to earth—women who sold their soiled,
Poor bodies, publicans, and men who toiled
By night upon the Lake of Galilee,
Fishing and awed. He would have taken me,
I think, for I have lain, with buried head,
Sideways, among long grasses, and have said,
These buttercups that sway beneath the breeze,
And form my sole horizon, even these
Small violets and bright daisies are more wise
Than upright men who cheat themselves with lies
Of good and evil. . . .

Christ's feet were weary of the earth he walked.
Mary, with ointment Judas would have hawked,
Bathed them, and wiped them on her falling hair.
O Mary Magdalene, the deed was fair.

So has my heart in its great weariness,
Found balm and comfort. . . .

F. S. FLINT.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

PROFESSOR PERCY GARDNER has just finished a collection of essays which will be published by Messrs. Williams and Norgate under the title of "Modernity and the Churches." Among the subjects dealt with are: "The Essential Nature of the Christian Faith," "The Function of Prayer," "The Divine Will," "The Basis of Christology," "The Translation of Christian Doctrine," "The Christian Church," and "Liberal Anglicanism." The book will appear in the "Crown Theological Library," a series deserving of the highest praise both for its excellent choice of volumes and the care shown in their production.

WE learn from the "New York Times" that the coming "Life and Letters of E. C. Stedman," which his daughter, Miss Laura Stedman, is preparing, will contain a large number of letters written to Stedman by many of the leaders of thought and letters during the last century. The characteristic letters written by Swinburne to his American friend, and published shortly after the English poet's death, are said to be merely representative of much similar material, so that a book of quite unusual interest may be expected.

ANOTHER volume in Mr. F. W. Bain's "Digit of the Moon" series will be published next month by Messrs. Parker. How far Mr. Bain's work is based upon the Sanskrit originals from which it professes to be a translation, or whether these Sanskrit originals are other than mythical, are points upon which it is impossible for most English readers to form a judgment, but there can be no doubt whatever in regard to Mr. Bain's grace and distinction of style. The title of the new book will be "A Mine of Faults."

MANY hitherto unpublished reminiscences of Edward Fitzgerald are promised in a biography by Mr. Morley Adams, which the Priory Press, Hampstead, will publish in a couple of weeks. The title of the book is "Omar's Interpreter," and it will contain illustrations of the Fitzgerald country, together with an essay by the late Canon Ainger on "The Letters of Edward Fitzgerald."

NEXT week Mr. Andrew Melrose will publish "Rosemary's Letter Book," a series of essays on literary, artistic, and theatrical topics, together with a number of poems, by Mr. W. L. Courtney. The book takes the form of letters to a woman with whom the writer is supposed to have had some sentimental passages, but who does not accept his advances, and wishes the correspondence to deal only with matters of general interest.

TOWARDS the end of the month Mr. Heinemann will issue a translation of M. Lenôtre's "The Tribunal of the Terror." M. Lenôtre's researches into the history of the French Revolution have brought to light a mass of graphic detail, and his pictures of some of its events are, in their human interest, almost as moving as Carlyle's. In the coming book he studies the procedure of the Tribunal which sat at the Palais de Justice between 1793 and 1795. As in the case of his former volumes, M. Lenôtre makes use of documents and other pieces of evidence that have escaped the notice of former historians.

MESSRS. VIRTUE announce, in a limited edition, a collection of ten essays, called "Some of the Moderns," on living artists of genius, by Mr. Frederick Wedmore. Mr. Wedmore is not only a distinguished art critic, but—as "Pastorals of France," "Renunciations," and "Organs and Miradon" are sufficient proof—one of the ablest living writers of the short story. Not a few readers regret that he has let so many years pass without publishing anything in the vein of these volumes.

THE Rev. Henry W. Clark, the author of a number of theological studies that have won attention for their independence of tone and freshness of treatment, among them a collection of sermons, "Laws of the Inner Kingdom," pub-

lished last week, is at work upon a "History of Nonconformity," which will be issued next season by Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

THE De La More Press will shortly issue a revised and enlarged edition of Dr. Eugene Oswald's bibliography, "Goethe in England and America," containing many new entries, and bringing the work up to date. The same publishers have in the press "The Sarum Missal in English," newly translated by Canon Warren for their "Library of Liturgiology and Ecclesiology," and "The So-Called Gutenberg Documents Critically Examined," a reprint of Dr. Hessel's articles in the "Library" dealing with the controversy.

A VOLUME of considerable interest will be Sir Horace Rumbold's "The Austrian Court in the Nineteenth Century," which Messrs. Methuen have in the press. The book gives high praise to the Emperor Francis Joseph, and touches upon the lives of most of the leading personages with whom he has been associated, though it does not deal at length with the political history of the monarchy. Those who have read Sir Horace Rumbold's articles in the "National Review" will look forward to a lively and, in some ways, unconventional chronicle.

AMONG Messrs. Longmans' announcements are "A History of the Eastern Province of South Africa," by Professor G. E. Cory, of Rhodes University College, Grahamstown; "The Last Phase of the League in Provence," by Mr. Maurice Wilkinson; "Anna van Schurman: Artist, Scholar, and Poet," a book written by Miss Una Birch, and based on the autobiography and letters of a leading feminist of the seventeenth century, who was the friend of Princess Elizabeth of Bohemia, Descartes, and Huyghens; Father Tyrrell's "Christianity at the Cross Roads"; and "Essays Relating to Ireland: Biographical, Historical, and Topographical," by the late Mr. C. Litton Falkiner, with a Memoir of the author by Professor Dowden.

THE titles of a number of novels which happened to be ranged beside one another on our bookshelves a few days ago run as follows: "The Gift of St. Anthony," "The Woman Tempted Me," "Surrender," "The Lordship of Love," "Trial by Marriage." This series of titles, which was purely accidental in its arrangement, throws some light on the tendencies of present-day fiction.

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

- "The Problem of Human Life, as Viewed by the Great Thinkers from Plato to the Present Time." By Rudolf Eucken. Translated by W. S. Hough and W. R. Royce Gibson. (Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "The Meaning of Truth." By William James. (Longmans. 4s. 6d. net.)
- "Byron: The Last Phase." By Richard Edgcumbe. (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Yet Again." By Max Beerbohm. (Chapman & Hall. 5s. net.)
- "Maria Edgeworth and Her Circle in the Days of Bonaparte and Bourbon." By Constance Hill. (Lane. 21s. net.)
- "Cathedral Cities of Spain." By W. W. Collins. (Heinemann. 16s. net.)
- "An Overland Trek from India." By Edith Fraser Benn. (Longmans. 15s. net.)
- "San Celestino: An Essay in Reconstruction." By John Ayscough. (Smith, Elder. 6s. net.)
- "Great Britain and the Congo." By E. D. Morel. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)
- "My Summer in London." By James Milne. (Werner Laurie. 6s.)
- "A Military Consul in Turkey." By Captain A. F. Townshend. (Seeley. 15s. net.)
- "George Meredith: Some Early Appreciations." Selected by Maurice Buxton Forman. (Chapman & Hall. 5s. net.)
- "The Two Empires: The Church and the World." By the late Bishop Brooke Foss Westcott. (Macmillan. 6s.)
- "Cambridge Biblical Essays." Edited by H. B. Swete, D.D. (Macmillan. 12s. net.)
- "The Merrie Tales of Jacques Tournembroche." By Anatole France. Translated by Alfred Allinson. (Lane. 6s.)
- "The Tyrant." By Mrs. Henry De la Pasture. (Methuen. 6s.)
- "The Haven." By Eden Phillpotts. (Murray. 6s.)
- "Souvenirs et Causeries d'un Diplomate." Par le Comte Charles de Moüy. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 7fr. 50.)
- "Les Sentiments Esthétiques." Par Charles Lalo. (Paris: Alcan. 5fr.)
- "La Croisade des Chemins." Roman. Par Henry Bordeaux. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 3fr. 50.)

Reviews.

THE CHRISTIAN RENAISSANCE.*

This is not a book for the general reader so much as for scholars and students. It traces the authorship of famous letters which were once attributed to Erasmus, assigning them to Crotus Rubienus and Ulrik von Hutten, whose name has been long known in connexion with them. The "Epistolae Obscurorum Virorum" are an elaborate and very coarse satire upon the monastic life of the time. There is no reason to doubt the zeal or the good faith of the satirists whatever may be thought of their taste and manner. In the early part of the sixteenth century, when they appeared, the monks of Europe had lost both the learning and the piety which distinguished their medieval predecessors. It was not the object of such men as Crotus and von Hutten to repudiate the authority of Rome, still less to throw doubt upon the doctrines of the Christian religion. They directed their shafts against the corruptions and distortions to which the system of the Catholic Church had been subjected by the misuse of what was in itself pure and holy. It was not because they wrote bad Latin, but because they gloried in their ignorance, that the satirists of the Christian Renaissance assailed the monks of their time. It may, of course, be argued that the imitation showed as little reverence as the original, and that abuses of religion can only be corrected by serious reproof. But we have to consider the spirit of the time and the nature of the evil against which these satirists were contending. They had to deal with men who would not argue, who sheltered themselves from every assault by invoking the aid of authority. It was therefore necessary for them to employ weapons against which authority is powerless, and to express the faults of monasticism in the language of monasticism itself. That is the explanation of these letters, and of the mode in which the earliest school of modern thought attacked the decadent asceticism of the middle ages.

Paley said of Gibbon: "Who can refute a sneer?" Gibbon was unable or unwilling to treat Christianity fairly. The authors of these letters were perfectly honest in their attempt to dissociate the Church of which they were members from knaves and hypocrites who brought discredit upon the creed they professed. They did not think, like Luther, that the Church could only be reformed by revolution. They inclined rather to the method of Erasmus, holding only that it was too refined and delicate for the work on which they were engaged. To separate piety from ignorance was their object, as it was his. But while Erasmus proceeded by such indirect means as revising the text of the New Testament from the best Greek manuscripts, and proving by example that good Latin could be written on religious subjects, they relied upon the simple process of showing up monkish delinquencies in the language of monks themselves. Their success was immediate. They were at once accused of profanity for adopting in satire the grotesquely incongruous images employed in sober earnest by the theologians of the day. But, indeed, their victory was not merely for the time. They produced a permanent change for the better in the mental development of Catholicism. They did not, like the great scholars of the literary Renaissance, substitute Pagan for Christian ideals. They destroyed by their pungent ridicule the idea that learning and letters were incompatible with the religious life. The Church of Rome knew better than to rest upon simple denial of flagrant enormities, even when the hand of the satirist disclosed them. There is in these letters no attempt to make religion responsible for the shortcomings of its professors. On the contrary the whole argument is that religion has been degraded by association with ignorance and sloth. We should altogether fail to understand the true significance of the "Epistolae" if we did not bear in mind that they assume the absolute authority of the Christian religion as axiomatic and unassailable. To cut it adrift from practices and performances not less alien from the spirit of Christ than from the standard of the world, is the underlying purpose of the satire so ruthlessly employed. "Cucullus non facit monachum" is the motto of the whole.

*"Epistolae Obscurorum Virorum." The Latin Text with an English Rendering, Notes, and an Historical Introduction. By Francis Griffin Stokes. Chatto & Windus. 25s. net.

The literary interest of these essays is, of course, comparatively small. They are intentionally written in the worst possible Latin, and their substance is essentially trivial. They are valuable as a picture of manners, and as evidence of contemporary opinion. Steele, in the eighteenth century, was taken in by them and supposed them to be the real correspondence of actual monks. Though a graceful and charming writer, Steele was not an expert or acute critic of documentary evidence. It is the remarkable excellence of the imitation, however, that distinguishes these letters from ordinary parodies. They were intended as a mirror where the monks of the day should see their own lives and habits. Even they themselves were scarcely apt to betray with more ingenuous frankness their confidence that orthodoxy covered a multitude of sins. No ordinary artist would have ventured on such a faithful reproduction of phraseology at once so genuine and so absurd.

Mr. Stokes is perhaps too ready to assume that this kind of satire has no serious aim. If that were so, these letters would be hardly worth reproducing. Leo the Tenth certainly did not take that view of them when he pronounced against them the anathema of the Church. They were directed at abuses which brought religion into disrepute, and they were not intended to satirise anything in itself good. There is no real reverence in treating hypocritical sanctimoniousness with the same respect as saintly virtue. In reading these caustic delineations of ignorance condemning knowledge, and sloth denouncing activity, we have to remember that the weapon chosen was the only one available for the purpose. The persecutors of Reuchlin and Erasmus were not amenable to argument and persuasion. It was necessary, if any effective defence were to be made at all, that an appeal should be carried to the intellect and scholarship of Europe against the claims of blind authority. There was a definite object to be gained by showing that those who demanded recourse to persecution did not know what it was they applauded, or what it was they condemned. Whether ridicule be or be not a test of truth, it is certainly a test of presumptuous ignorance wearing the mask of theological truth. Those who do not know what can be discovered by the light of nature are obviously unfitted to sit in judgment upon men of ability and learning. If they had not set up as arbitrators in the region of logic and scholarship, the monks might have been left to themselves. The educated world rose in self-defence when learning was threatened by pedantry, and an orthodox bigot asserted the right of condemning free inquiry into matters which he did not understand himself. The satirists were not the aggressors. They employed only intellectual resources. But they naturally objected to be called heretics by men who could not be made to understand what the dispute was about. If Pope Leo had taken the trouble to ascertain the cause of monkish prejudice against Greek, he would soon have found that it had no more respectable origin than ignorance of the Greek language. He cared, of course, nothing about the matter. The guiding spirits of the Christian Renaissance had no support or encouragement except the superiority of their own knowledge and reasoning. They were driven to the use of irony and sarcasm because they were met with denunciation instead of argument.

The idea of breaking away from the Church never occurred to these satirists and reformers. They only wanted to purify that which was good from the taint of hypocrisy and false pretence. If the rulers of the Church had understood the interests placed under their charge, they would have enlisted the new learning on the side of ecclesiastical authority. They would have seen that it could not be suppressed, and that it was capable of being used for religious purposes if those who directed it were learned as well as pious. In that case the Church would have had nothing to fear from the weapons of satire, and would have been able to contend on equal terms with those who assailed its credentials. It was not ecclesiastical supremacy so much as monkish ignorance which the school of Erasmus and Reuchlin criticised and condemned. They were willing to argue in defence of their own position with any one qualified to understand it. But they would not accept the verdict of unqualified sacerdotalism. The appeal to reason did no harm to faith. What endangered the influence of Rome was the claim of incompetent persons to sit in judgment upon difficult questions of history and philosophy. Pascal long

afterwards admitted that the sentence against Galileo for saying that the earth went round the sun was erroneous, and explained the error by the reason that the Church could not hope for divine guidance outside its proper sphere. Science cannot discover what is untrue, and therefore, as wiser men than the cardinals of Leo the Tenth have taught in better times, cannot be injurious to religion. Science was in a rudimentary stage when these letters were composed. But the moral is the same. In striking at men like Reuchlin and Erasmus, the exponents of orthodox belief confounded their enemies with their friends. Erasmus reconciled theology with scholarship, and taught that knowledge could not be inconsistent with the revelation of Him from whom all knowledge proceeds.

That the letters have also their social and entertaining side is undoubtedly true. They were written for the polite and learned public of the day. But it was not their primary object to amuse. They aimed at showing by example that religion was best served by associating it with qualities congenial to the taste and respected by the intelligence of man. In that way the resources of wit and fancy, of poetry and eloquence, were brought to bear upon the struggle for mental freedom, which began with the dawn of the sixteenth century. Such is the origin, and such the explanation, of these famous epistles. Polemical in a sense, because, connected with the fringe of the movement which became known as the Reformation, they are yet detached from the main stream of controversy, and literary in the sense of artistic in their form, because they reproduce, in order to ridicule, the style and doctrine of monkish dogmatism. With that clue they are neither difficult to appreciate nor hard to understand.

HERBERT PAUL.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ADVERTISERS.*

If life is to be studied comprehensively we must not reject its meaner truths. Advertisement is a sordid fact, but it is a fact, and what is worse, it pays. Recoil as we may from the daily and hourly insult to our higher faculties, the vendors of soap and cereals know what they are about. Man is in every age a carnal and credulous creature, and the continued existence of so much unlovely, ignoble, and unvarnished matter is a proof that the lowest appeals are not the least successful. But let not the idealist sicken and faint; time is a great magician. "Graffiti scratched on stucco walls," says Mr. Lewis, "or scrawled by idlers in red chalk upon pillars in Pompeii . . . are said to afford more vivid side glimpses of the intimate everyday life of the early empire than do the histories of Tacitus"; washing lists of ancient Egypt draw tears from the eyes of the least poetic; and so we may hope that breakfast food, beef essence, and purging pill will be similarly sanctified by the mellowing influence of centuries.

Those who are curious of the intimate details of a bygone age cannot do better than consult "The Advertisements of the Spectator." In the charming little volume just issued, Mr. Lewis shows us how much we may learn from them of the history, literature, and manners of the reign of Queen Anne. The advertisements range from publishers' announcements, notices of operas, plays, sales and auctions to "Chocolate made from the best Cracco nuts," "extraordinarily fine Bohea tea," and cures for leanness, stuttering, loss of memory, and difficulties with the breeding of teeth. How history may be traced is shown by the announcement of Swift's pamphlet on "The Conduct of the Allies and the late Ministry, in beginning and carrying on the (then) present War," and the indignant denials it instantly provoked. Literature is represented by various editions of the works of Steele, Prior, Gay, Cibber, and Locke; exploration by the famous Alexander Selkirk, whose solitude Commander Peary might envy, and whose right (unlike Dr. Cook's) there was none to dispute; and religion by "neat Elzevir editions" of "Preservatives against Popery," sermons attacking dissenters, and their no less spirited retorts. Nor are man's physical needs neglected. Nowadays we suffer from "brain-fag"; in Addison's era it was called the spleen and could

be cured by Mr. Bell, bookseller at the Cross Keys and Bible in Cornhill, for the sum of 3s. 6d. a bottle. It is interesting to compare the bright and breezy colloquialism of the modern advertisement with the Burtonian majesty of the following:

"Famous Drops for Hypochondriak Melancholly: Which effectually cure on the Spot, by rectifying the Stomach and Blood, cleansing them from all Impurities, and giving a new Turn to their Ferment, attenuating all viscous tenacious Humours (which make the Head heavy, clog the Spirits, confuse the Mind, and cause the deepest Melancholy with direful Views and black Reflections) comforting the Brain and Nerves, composing the hurried Thought, and introducing bright lively Ideas and pleasant Briskness, instead of dismal Apprehensions and dark Incumbrance of the Soul, setting the Intellectuals at Liberty to act with Courage, Serenity, and Steady Cheerfulness, and causing a visible diffusive Joy to reign in the Room of uneasy Doubts, Fears, &c., for which it may truly be esteem'd infallible."

Cordials and elixirs are prompt to remedy every human ill. "An incomparable pleasant tincture" will "restore the sense of smelling tho' lost for many years"; a "most excellent Chymical Balsam infallibly cures the Gout or any rheumatick Pains, though the most exquisite and sharp that were ever felt"; and a Volatile Spirit of Viper secures the instantaneous rout of that fashionable 18th century female complaint, the Vapours. Ladies fearful for the loss of charms could hie them to

"the gentlewoman who liv'd 20 Years in Racquet-Court and served most of the Quality in England, Scotland and Ireland, also the East and West Indies with the most excellent Curiosities for preserving the Face, Hands and Teeth in present Beauty; for colouring red or grey hair to a lovely brown or black, a Cosmatick that certainly takes away the Spots and Marks remaining after the Small-Pox, with many other rare secrets in Physick";

and tender mothers of puling infants could take comfort from the assurance of the grateful Raiser Maker of Gray's Inn Passage, whose child

"being almost reduced to the very Grave from the extrem agony he underwent by its violent Breeding of Teeth, was thro' God's goodness restored to perfect Ease and Safety, upon the use of that truly Noble Medecine, prepared for those Cases, by Mr. Perronet, Surgeon in Dyot-street near Bloomsbury."

The most noted charlatan of the age was Sir William Reed, who was raised to knighthood by Queen Anne for a successful operation on her eyes. That Mr. Spectator printed indifferently all the advertisements of quacks and nostrums, although abusing them roundly in his pages as "Imposters and Murderers," shows, remarks Mr. Lewis, "a marked variance between editorial protestations and business policy."

The optimist should be cheered by the evidence that this book affords of so marked an advance in publishers' ethics since the reign of Queen Anne. The "Spectator" boasted of its moral and reforming tendencies; it was "to set up the Immoral Man as the Object of Derision" and to form "a new Weapon against Vice and Irreligion." Yet it did not hesitate to advertise brazen swindling schemes, notices of prurient books, and scandalous "personals." That such conduct is no longer possible nowadays should help to console us for the fact that we have neither an Addison nor a Steele to cheer our morning press, although we do not suffer from any decrease of advertisements.

THE PLACE OF GRIEG.*

MR. FINCK, the lively American critic, had the distinction of writing the first book in English on Grieg. It was published in 1906. On September 4th, 1907, Grieg died; and Mr. Finck now brings out a new edition of the book, with a quantity of new and interesting material, Grieg's death having left him free to quote largely from their correspondence. The main defect of the earlier volume was that it was enthusiastic rather than critical; Mr. Finck, when he gets an admiration into his soul, is about as torrid a hot-gospeller as one could meet with anywhere in literature. Remarks like this—"The celestial cradle song of Solvejg, which I would not give for all the songs of Brahms, Hugo

* "The Advertisements of the Spectator." By Lawrence Lewis. Constable. 6s. net.

* "Grieg and his Music." By H. T. Finck. Lane. 7s. 6d.

Wolf, and Richard Strauss put together"—showed an enthusiasm so violent and so ill-balanced as to make one suspicious, perhaps unduly suspicious, of Mr. Finck's critical faculty as a whole. Even Grieg, as we see from some of the letters that Mr. Finck very candidly quotes, shied at the thickness of the gilding that his biographer insisted on laying on him. "So far as your estimate of my works is concerned," he writes, "I must echo the words of our poet A. O. Vinje in his 'The Last Spring': 'More I got than I deserved—and everything must end.' There are certainly passages in which you have done yourself and me a questionable service by an excess of superlatives." And again, after a second reading of the book—"I still must reproach you with having placed me too high." But he was grateful to Mr. Finck for having done him two services—cleared away the current obscurities as to how much in the music was Grieg and how much was Norway, and combated the notion that he was only a miniaturist. On both these points Grieg had evidently felt very sore for many years.

Had Mr. Finck been content to correct a number of misapprehensions with regard to Grieg the man, and to show that his music was better, deeper, and more original than its superficial scorners thought, his book would have been a valuable one, for no one knows and loves Grieg's music better than he, and no one could start with a sounder case to defend. Grieg has been the butt of every pompous wind-bag who measured the value of a man's music by its quantity rather than its quality. He has been sniffed at for working, for the most part, only in the smaller forms, and because he is popular with the general public. Mr. Finck's generous advocacy of Grieg's real claims to respect, and his handsome trouncing of the academics who think more highly of a bad symphony than of a good song or piano piece, are both good to see and hear. But he overdoes his own case. We will all agree with him that it is mere snobbishness to despise the art of little things, and that many a composer who imposes his banalities upon us for half an hour at a time with the aid of an orchestra of a hundred players is not worthy to tie Grieg's shoe-lace. But it is rather a far cry from this to accepting Grieg at Mr. Finck's estimate, and calling him "a genius of the first rank." Mr. Finck would have done well to reconsider some of the extravagances of his earlier volume. A little reflection, for example, on the remark already quoted as to Solvejg's cradle song might have shown him the uncritical wildness of it. But in his second volume he is still unrepentant. He does, it is true, now say in a footnote, that reviewers of the first edition were wrong in supposing him to mean that the song in question was "worth more than all the songs of Brahms, Wolf, and Strauss." All he did was to "express a personal preference." The reader will probably ask what the difference is between the two statements. The essential point is that to prefer the "Solvejg" song to all the songs of Brahms, Wolf, and Strauss put together, shows such a narrowing of critical discernment that one becomes suspicious of every other judgment of the critic; if his palate is so insensitive to some good things and so hypersensitive to others, there is plainly no trusting any of its verdicts. So with other defiant reassertions of the more questionable dogmas of the earlier books, such as the insistence on the "superb virility" of much of Grieg's music. A sober comparison of the passages that he thinks superbly virile with the really virile work of other men would have shown Mr. Finck how overdone the description was.

The book is thus less a critical study than a rhapsody; it dwells with enthusiasm—and rightly—upon all that is good in Grieg's music, but turns a blind eye to his limitations. We cheerfully agree that he has much originality, is a charming melodist and a striking harmonist, and, in his songs especially, one of the most genuinely poetical of musicians. But there is something to be put on the other side of the account before we can admit that he is "a genius of the first rank." He is undeniably short-winded; it is not merely that he showed such an affection for the shorter forms, but that even within these he can seldom run more than a yard or two without having to stop for breath. His phrases have rarely any length or breadth of flight; they lack the power of wing to sustain themselves for more than four, or two, or even one bar at a time. Think of the far-flung melodies of some other men, which, though they may dip and rise in their flight, never really pause till the whole

long distance has been covered—the E flat theme in Bach's "Wachet auf," for example, or some parts of the "Meistersinger" overture, or the love theme in Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet," or the opening theme of Elgar's symphony, or that of the adagio in the same work, or any typical melody of Chopin's, or the "Countess" or the "Donna Anna" theme in Strauss's "Don Juan," and you will see at once the difference between athletes like these and the valetudinarian Grieg. Virile, indeed, he can be in a phrase here and there, but his music as a whole is assuredly not virile. The man's music was the counterpart of himself. In posing that fine head on the poor, frail little body, weakened from boyhood by the loss of one lung, Nature decreed the parallel contradiction of the big desires and the small manner of his music. He wanted to make great statues; but his strength would mostly go no further than the carving of small figures in wood or ivory. Hence the curious disparity between what he meant to do and what he actually did in things like the March in "Sigurd Jorsalfar." He wants to draw primitive heroes; but with their little legs going pit-pat, pit-pat at each bar or two of the music, they are hardly more than Viking hop-o'-my-thumbs. They are certainly not life-size. Two salient instances of the failure of his speech to rise to the height of his desires may be seen in one of his best works—the Funeral March he wrote for his friend Nordraak. How largely it begins, and how it narrows down in the piping middle section! And for cadence to his really fine first theme, we practically get again the cadence of the "Ase's Death" from "Peer Gynt"; Grieg has only one mood for the death of the simple old woman and the death of the thoughtful Norwegian musician.

There are other traits that bar him from the company of the greatest. He is a mannerist both in his melody—with its frequent falls of a third, its intermingling of rhythms of two and three, and its peculiar form of cadence—and in his harmony, the chromatic quality of which, and its habit of descending step by step in the bass, make it easy to imitate. Mr. Finck snorts at the word "mannerism"; he prefers "individuality." Well, mannerism is of course individuality, but with a difference too obvious to need analysis. Balancing these and other limitations of style and of conception against the many virtues upon which Mr. Finck does well to insist so strongly, we cannot agree that Grieg is a genius of the first rank. He is a miniaturist, however strongly he objected to being thought one; for if we except the piano concerto, written in his early manhood, the bulk of his most characteristic work is miniature in form and in idea. Mr. Finck, as we have said, rightly protests against the theory that a long work *per se* is necessarily better than a short work *per se*; a song like Grieg's "Ein Freundschaftsstück" is worth a dozen average oratorios or symphonies. But Mr. Finck, characteristically rushing to an extreme, does not see that, other things being equal, mere bulk counts for a good deal in art as in everything else. The man who carves the Lord's Prayer on a three-penny piece, however well he does it, cannot claim to stand on the same footing as the man who builds the Forth Bridge. The ability to conceive and to handle big ideas is as much the sign of the more-than-average brain as the ability to juggle with enormous weights is the sign of more-than-average muscle. Workmanship and all the rest of it being equal in both cases, we would all say that the brain that conceives the cathedral is bigger than the brain that conceives the cottage, the brain that conceives "The Ring of the Nieblung" bigger than the one that conceives "L'Après-midi d'un Faune." Mr. Finck only beats the air when he fights against these universal standards of measurement. His safest line would have been to accept frankly the estimate of Grieg as a small master, and show how precious some of the work of the small masters can be. Neither Heine nor Burns could have written "Hamlet" or the "Hippolytus"; but that does not make their lyrics any less exquisite. Chopin could not have written the B minor Mass; but neither could Bach have written the B flat minor Scherzo. And when German critics sneered at Grieg because he could not beat Beethoven and Brahms on their own ground, Mr. Finck could quite safely have retorted that neither Beethoven nor Brahms can beat Grieg on his. By so doing he would have done both himself and Grieg a greater service than he will by defying the world to mortal combat on a thesis that the doughtiest fighter could not defend.

THE SOUL OF ST. PAUL.*

THE Pauline phrase, "the foolishness of preaching," has occurred to many a weary listener in a sense other than that in which it is used by the apostle. The Duke of Wellington found himself, he tells us, "much exposed to authors." The church-goer is in the same disadvantageous position as regards preachers: he suffers many things at their hands. "Fifty minutes is his shortest" was said a generation ago of a man of light and leading. There were country parishes in Scotland where, for the convenience of worshippers from a distance, the two Sunday services were held right on end. Our three-bottle grandfathers sat them out: we, a feeblener progeny, have not their appetite either for port or prayer. Prolixity beyond a certain point would not now be tolerated. But brevity, too, may be ponderous. "I was short," said a Cambridge preacher to a famous Master of Trinity. "You were." "I did not wish to be dull." "Ah!" was the answer, "but you were dull." Ecclesiastical have taken the place of moral platitudes. "Christ said, I am the way. Therefore we must wear vestments," was a saying attributed to a well-known divine; and the writer has heard the "Great Forty Days" described with a fulness of detail which suggested a personal knowledge of the events covered by them on the part of the orator. *Quorum pars magna fui* seemed the burden of his discourse, which was a reminiscence rather than a commentary—the evidence of one who had been there. The decline of church-going is a frequent subject of discussion at Church Congresses and similar gatherings. Here is one at least of its causes. Vapidity in the pulpit produces vacuity in the pew.

It is probable, however, that no one whose experience of the pulpit is that of a hearer only can realise the difficulty of the preacher's task. He has to address persons on widely differing levels, intellectual and spiritual: the proverb "One man's food is another man's poison" applies. The critical sermon which saves the faith of one, undermines that of another; the dogmatic teaching which in this case gives something to lay hold of, serves in that only to irritate and repel. The position of a professional moralist is embarrassing; the personality of the speaker frames the spoken word. Again, a man's moods vary: he is not always in the mood for the pulpit, yet the pulpit must be filled irrespective of mood. Hence the value of the written sermon. Not as a habit—that means woodenness—but to fall back upon when inspiration fails. Nor is he always equal to the intellectual and spiritual strain of preaching. This, when the sermon deserves the name, is considerable, nor must it be forgotten that it demands a corresponding effort on the part of the hearers. An easy tongue is the complement of itching ears; the result is emptiness, aridity and leanness of soul. The How is as important as the What: magnetism imparts magnetism; fire kindles fire.

Perhaps the best preachers and hearers—the two go together—are found in the Church of Scotland. Those who have "sat under" such men as John Kelman or William Macgregor know what can be made of a sermon, how the idea of the preacher runs like a thread of gold through the whole service from the opening psalm to the last prayer. In the English liturgy the sermon is less central. It is an interlude, and rather comes in than pervades. From the standpoint of art the former system is preferable; for practical purposes the latter has its advantages. We may prefer, but need not exclude. In the sermons before us, Mr. Lilley represents the best traditions of the English pulpit—its thoughtfulness, its balance, its sanity, its large and spacious view of life.

The title of the book must not mislead us.

"These sermons are not studies in the theology of St. Paul. They are attempts to keep hold with my own intelligence upon certain strongly contrasted elements of common religious experience, which I see nowhere more vividly than in the soul of St. Paul."

"There is a saying of Grotius which, true as it undoubtedly is in the order of formal logic, seems to me inapplicable to the order of life and of the logic which derives from and would be equal to the interpretation of life. 'Ex duobus pugnantibus inter se destructio sequi potest, ordinata constructio sequi non potest.' I have on the contrary ventured to believe that from such conflicts, where they occur in the order of life, there will always emerge an 'ordinata constructio.' I

have here made the attempt in certain instances of such conflict to seek the ordered construction which the conflict demands and to which it seems of itself to point. I cannot, at any rate, satisfy myself with an easy simplification of the religious problem, or of any phase of it, by eliminating one of the contrasted factors which constitute it. Where life pledges two apparently opposite tendencies in itself to permanent battle, it is that they may incorporate and not destroy each other."

Such words might have come from Father Tyrrell: the tongue of the wise is one. They are of no one Church, but of the experience which underlies the several Churches, which they express each in its measure, and which it is their mission to develop and enlarge.

The antitheses of experience, the One and the Many, law and liberty, tradition and change, the outward and the inward, are not for thought only, but in things. This is why they must be mediated rather than overcome. To forget this is the radical sin of faction whether in Church or State. In the fine sermon, "Revolution and Evolution," this is illustrated by St. Paul's attitude towards the old and the new in the religious crisis of which he was the embodiment—that which liberated the Christian Church from the Jewish Synagogue. Such crises recur in virtue of the laws which govern human affairs. And,

"of one thing we may be certain, that when they recur, their main features will be the same. There are not wanting signs that we ourselves are living in the midst of such a crisis. The established religious systems are losing their spontaneously religious character. Instead of nourishing their free and native faith in God through membership in a religious society, men are forcing a faith in the society in order that they may find it possible to have faith in God. The society has ceased to be the instrument of their faith, and has become its object. Ecclesiasticalism is for us, as it was for the Judaism of the first Christian century, the specialised form of idolatry. . . . There is, indeed, no religious society which will admit that membership with it dispenses with personal faith, that it assures a magical salvation. But then, neither would the Judaism which St. Paul knew, and in which he had been nurtured, have admitted that it made such a claim. It, too, would have assured St. Paul that he was but travestying its real religious attitude. None the less, St. Paul was right. He exposed the real religious weakness of Judaism. Religious exclusiveness is not only harsh and unkind in itself, not only a denial of God, by shutting Him off from a part of His world. It also tends inevitably to the creation of a false security for those who are within the favored fold. It leads to the idolatrous worship of the system, to a proud and arrogant trust in it, which is always the implicit and often the explicit denial of God."

Were the English pulpit more commonly tuned to this pitch, its note would be truer and more effective. Preachers may be divided into two classes—those who preach because they have something to say, and those who preach because they have to say something. Mr. Lilley belongs to the former class.

CLASSIC AND ROMANTIC.*

MR. SYMONS's title leads us to expect an examination of the main characteristics of English romantic poetry, an account of its origin, an estimate of the forces that called it into being, and an attempt to explain its development. What Mr. Symons gives us is something quite different. His book consists of twenty pages of introduction in which some highly disputable theories regarding the nature of poetry are maintained, and three hundred pages of essays dealing in chronological order with practically every poet who was born in the eighteenth century and survived into the nineteenth, all others being excluded. The defects of this plan are so obvious that one cannot even conjecture the reasons that led Mr. Symons to adopt it. Hitherto he has treated criticism as a fine art. He has been careful, even fastidious, in his regard for form. He is, perhaps, the chief living representative of the school of criticism which, to use Carlyle's words, endeavors "to reproduce under a different shape the existing product of the poet; painting to the intellect what already lay painted to the heart and the imagination." Several of the essays in the present volume are, both in their beauty of diction and in their power of suggestion, among the best Mr. Symons has written, but this only adds to our amazement that he should have adopted a plan at once so arbitrary and so slovenly. Indeed, it almost seems as if he had prepared copious notes for a study of

* "The Soul of St. Paul." Sermons preached at St. Mary's, Paddington Green. By A. L. Lilley. Francis Griffiths. 3s. 6d.

* "The Romantic Movement in English Poetry." By Arthur Symons. Constable. 10s. 6d. net.

English romantic poetry and then presented them to the reader without troubling to work them up into a coherent and digested whole.

But, even from this point of view, there are serious defects in the volume before us. What are we to think of a book called "The English Romantic Movement" which includes writers like Wolcott, Mrs. Barbauld, John O'Keefe, Mrs. Tighe, and Robert Pollok, and which excludes Chatterton? The year 1800 has been chosen "for convenience" "as a sort of centre," but on what grounds was that particular year selected? It excludes Walpole and the Gothic revivalists; it excludes the Wartons; it excludes Gray, Collins, Thomson, Akenside, Shenstone, and the whole group of imitators of Spenser who, by the study of old authors, attempted to revive the past. Yet no definition of Romanticism can shut out that return to our older literature which Pope saw and disliked.

"Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old;
It is the rust we value, not the gold.
Chaucer's worst ribaldry was learn'd by rote,
And beastly Skelton heads of houses quote.
One likes no language but the Faery Queen;
A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green;
And each true Briton is to Ben so civil.
He swears the muses met him at the devil."

These lines show that even in Pope's lifetime the English Romantic Movement had begun.

But Romanticism is a word that covers a great deal and is used with widely different meanings by different writers. To some it stands for an attempt to reproduce the life and thought of the Middle Ages. Others think it is most appropriately used of the literary or artistic treatment of themes that are vague and mysterious or even wild and extravagant. Others, again, lay stress upon the element of individual freedom, and treat the movement as an impulse to progress, freeing the poet or artist from the shackles of antiquated rules and opening up new worlds for him to conquer.

Mr. Symons cuts the knot by identifying romanticism with poetry itself. "The great poets of every age but the eighteenth have been romantic: what are Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Coleridge, if not romantic?" One may answer the question in the affirmative, while not admitting the truth of the statement that precedes it. To regard romantics as merely classics in the making is to lose sight of a valuable distinction which lies at the root of all artistic endeavor. Mr. Symons quotes Pater's phrase about "strangeness added to beauty" as being the distinctive quality of romantic art, but the essay from which the phrase comes also tells us that "What is classical comes out of the cool and quiet of other times, as a measure of what a long experience has shown us will, at least, never displease us." And Pater goes on to say that "in the classical literature of Greece and Rome, as in the classics of the last century, the essentially classical element is that quality of order in beauty which they possess, indeed, in a pre-eminent degree." That there are romantic elements in the ancient classics, in Euripides, for instance, no one will deny, but there are periods when these qualities are for the most part held in check, and these are classical periods. There are periods, also, when they are predominant, and these are romantic periods. Moreover, certain works of art are from their very nature classical, while others are romantic. The Church of the Madeleine, a drama by Corneille, Landor's "Hellenics"—these are classical, and will remain classical as long as time exists, just as a Gothic cathedral, a painting by Delacroix, a poem by Scott, and Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame de Paris" are, and will remain, romantic. We may dislike the romantic or we may dislike the classical, but to ignore the distinction between them and to claim that the best of either belongs to the other, is simply a misuse of language.

We have hitherto dealt with what we conceive to be the fundamental weakness in Mr. Symons's plan and method. There are other points deserving of notice—for example, the almost unqualified statement in the Introduction, that it is the critic's business to regard the poet as something apart from his age and his environment. We would urge in reply that the criticism which traces the stream of thought connecting age with age, and which shows how the content of a poet's message has been affected by the ideas current in his epoch, has also its usefulness. But to confine ourselves to Mr. Symons's theory would be doing him a great injustice.

In the essays that comprise the greater part of his book he often forgets his theory and gives us a number of carefully poised and suggestive judgments. He is not always free from the decadent perversity of his early manner—witness this sentence: "In one song of four stanzas, 'Proud Maisie,' published in 1818, in the 'Heart of Midlothian,' Scott seems to me to have become a poet"—but for the most part his criticism is criticism of the centre. His treatment of Wordsworth, Byron, Coleridge, Landor, Shelley, and Keats leaves little to be desired. Few living critics have an equal gift for opening up trains of thought which the reader feels compelled to pursue further on his own account. As examples of this, what could be better than these few sentences concerning Coleridge's power of imagination?—

"It must not be forgotten that Coleridge is never fantastic. The fantastic is playing with the imagination, and Coleridge respects it. His intellect goes easily as far as the imagination will carry it, and does not stop by the way to play tricks upon its bearer. Hence the conviction which he brings with him when he tells us the impossible. And then his style, in its ardent and luminous simplicity, flexible to every bend of the spirit which it clothes with flesh, helps him in the idiomatic translation of dreams. The visions of Swedenborg are literal translations of the imagination, and need to be re-translated. Coleridge is equally faithful to the thing seen, and to the laws of that new world into which he has transported it."

Equally just and balanced is this, speaking of Shelley: "In the clamorous splendor of the odes there is sometimes rhetoric as well as poetry, but it is more than the tumult and the overflow of that poetry?"

At his best Mr. Symons is one of the freshest and most suggestive of living critics, and this book contains a great deal of his best. For a sympathetic, yet discriminating, account of the English poets who lived at the beginning of the nineteenth century, we do not know anything to which the reader can turn with more advantage. But it is far from being an adequate account of the English Romantic Movement. We regret this all the more because we believe that nothing but a perverse method of approaching his subject has prevented Mr. Symons from contributing to literary history a volume not merely engaging and brilliant, but one of permanent value.

THE WORLD INVISIBLE.*

It would be interesting to have Mr. Arnold Bennett's and Miss Underhill's opinion of each other's latest novel. "The Glimpse" is Mr. Bennett's first flight into the fringe of spiritual regions with which Miss Underhill has familiarised us in her former books, and though there is no near kinship between them in outlook, the two novels have this in common, that the attempt, in each, to pierce the veil of earthly appearances is fortified by very penetrating criticism of mundane matters. Miss Underhill is something between a poet and a metaphysician. For her heroine, Constance, the busy tangle of organic things, and a world founded on the illusion, supported by the considerations of matter, growth, and sex, are *maya*, and even both sides of the veil, the mortal and the immortal, only exist by "being in the Idea," which is God. It is difficult to extract from the extremely illusive, if suggestive, spiritual creed of "The Column of Dust" any particular passage which adequately conveys the author's standpoint, but we may glance hastily here at the features of the story, while premising that the novel is one that necessitates attentive study at first hand.

Constance Tyrrel, a highly educated and refined woman, has broken with her life of cultured emptiness, and, hungry for realities and for legitimate satisfaction of her womanhood, has taken the plunge and disappeared from the ken of her comfortable friends. She re-appears some years later with an ugly and unprepossessing child, Vera, and supports herself by her daily work in a London book-shop. With remarkable daring the author introduces us to the sphere of the Invisible, by making Constance possessed by an invading, familiar spirit, The Watcher, which has become accidentally entangled with the plane of earthly existence, through his passing curiosity to fathom "the absurd paradox of creation." It is proof of Miss Underhill's artistic cleverness that we accept the presence of this supernatural

* "The Column of Dust." By Evelyn Underhill. Methuen. 6s.
"The Glimpse." By Arnold Bennett. Chapman & Hall. 6s.

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visitant as unquestioningly as, say, a visit from a friend who has dropped in for a chat. The achievement of "The Column of Dust" is that, whether we accept or not the existence of the supersensual plane which The Watcher superimposes upon the visible scheme of things, we are forced to see life through the eyes of Constance, who "had found a little hole in the wall of appearance, and, peeping through, had caught a glimpse of that seething pot of spiritual forces whence, now and then, a bubble rises to the surface of things." It is not that "the atmosphere of the infinite" penetrates our consciousness so much as that we are "made aware of a new angle of the universe; of an angle from which we might perceive the splendor, aliveness, and mysterious quality of natural things, the inconceivable lunacy of most man-arranged things." The thesis of the book, that our earthly life is a dream, and that the Real is the sum of the spiritual forces working within and behind the dream, may be illustrated by a quotation:—

"Constance was helpless before the misconceptions of a creature who applied the standards of the infinite to civilised daily life. The Watcher was amazed by all that he saw: by that love of the aboriginal burrow which constrains the Londoner, whenever possible, to perform the secret operations of storage, cookery, and travel underground; by the teeming streets, in which our urban dwellers are everlastingly content to fidget. He could not comprehend the incessant pouring to and fro of people by all the spacious highways and plaited alleys. Seen from his universe, they were like mercury scattered on a disc, which runs without reason in a hundred little processions and solitary drops, unites into a formless, wriggling mass, and breaks away again to an unending repetition of the process."

"But the children will die in their turn. They will all die. Then they will exist in the Real for ever and ever, without earning, or eating, or any kind of fuss. Why undertake this weariness and struggle, just to stay a few more hours within the dream? It is so ugly, miserable, and meaningless! Why do they not all try to die as soon as they can? Why do you not try to die—now, at once? Disentangle yourself from the dream?"

"She said to him suddenly, 'Go! Go! find all the wonders, look for the thread. Don't stay in this corner with me.'"

"But he answered almost in anger, 'I cannot go, for no one else will receive me; and without a habitation how am I to stay in the dream?'"

"Her eyes were opened for an instant then. The cliff of books fled far away; and she saw the tideless and everlasting sea of spiritual existence, and Life, like a little iridescent ball of foam, blown across the surface of the waves. She was an infinitesimal bubble in that formless mass. In an instant it would be dissolved, re-absorbed in the dream; with its cherished separateness for ever gone. Meanwhile the Watcher, meshed within her bubble, was blown with her over the deeps."

It is in the mingling of this "atmosphere of the infinite" with the atmosphere of the London streets that "The Column of Dust" is *sui generis*. The realistic scenes are undeniably enhanced by the spiritual commentary. Moreover, Miss Underhill's poetical metaphysics are backed by a most disconcerting vein of irony, and relieved by a most feminine sense of humor. A prosperous circle of aesthetic ladies who are interested in "the occult" is hit off with a quiet and discriminating malice that is absolutely delicious. Constance is introduced to the bosom of these searchers after truth by her materialistic friend, Andrew Vince, a gentleman on the Stock Exchange, who is nowhere less at home than in his own house. The Vinces are thus described by the caustic Mrs. Wetherbee: "A good, honest fellow with sound business instincts, and his living to get at his trade, shut up with a painfully unique and exquisite wife. Everyone else on their knees before her, and he feeling that attitude rather fatiguing after a hard day's work. How coarse and ugly all the ordinary little comfortable bad habits must appear in such company! Could you drink bottled stout with that sitting at the other end of the table? Would it be possible to snore in the presence of a really spiritual woman? That is Andrew's condition all over. Muriel enjoys her own virtues thoroughly; but his don't agree with the furniture, and so they have to be kept out of sight." It is impossible, here, to indicate the series of spiritual adventures and experiences that befall Constance. Naturally a novel shot with veins of mystical poetry and of high spiritual emotion, a novel that succeeds both in its ironical analysis of human pettiness and in its spiritual interpretation of human endeavor, is not without some artistic discrepancies. The character of Constance, for example, is not homogeneous. While her attitude towards her right "to

dip myself into life, deep in; to touch the ground, stir the muddy depths if I chose," is fine and convincing, it is scarcely credible that a woman of so passionate a nature could take the chill-blooded and wholly negative tone she adopts towards her child, little Vera. There are, in fact, two distinct women incorporated in Constance, and the mystic has been grafted on to an individual of a more womanly type, so that the spiritual struggle may be presented to us. It would be short-sighted, however, to insist on minor defects, such as these, in the case of so original a work. Occasionally the atmosphere of spiritual ecstasy becomes strained, as in some of the latter chapters where the Graal is brought on the scene, and Constance thereby is led to snap the threads that bind her to life; but in the main the illusion of unseen supersensual forces mixing with and irradiating our ordinary consciousness is wonderfully sustained.

Mr. Bennett's novel is both an entertaining and daring piece of work. The first part describes the relations of a husband and wife, Morrice and Inez, who, after three years of married life, have fallen out of love. By accident Morrice overhears a snatch of a conversation one evening between his wife and his friend Captain Hulse, and on his casually repeating it he discovers, to his amazement, that it relates to a clandestine meeting between the pair. The wife's avowal of the truth and the husband's attitude are narrated with the frank and cynical honesty that give Mr. Bennett's analysis of character its peculiarly refreshing note. The scene ends in the husband's being attacked by a paroxysm of the heart. Most convincing are the sensations of the dying man when his wife and the doctor are hovering round his bed. In the second part the author essays a daring flight into the unknown by his highly imaginative description of the experiences of Morrice's disembodied spirit. Most authors would sink into the fantastically unreal if they failed to thrill us by the shadow of the supernatural, but Mr. Bennett steers successfully a middle course. He does not, indeed, reach the spiritual plane of "The Column of Dust," but creates for us a most plausible illusion of a supersensual universe. And, like Miss Underhill, he gets some of his happiest effects by contrasting the elastic consciousness of the enfranchised spirit with that of the "moving prison of the earthly body." The imagery is ingenious and firmly handled, and in the ambitious chapter entitled "The Glimpse," he carries us backward into the story of creation by a description of his hero's chain of past incarnations. It is true, of course, that the spiritual depths of Miss Underhill's heaven and hell are in no danger from invasion by Mr. Bennett's hero, whose soul never soars far from the plane of earth. In Part III. the author lands us again on terra firma, and there is almost a scientific precision in the details of Morrice's unwilling return to his "blighting prison of putrescent clay." Some of the artistic strokes at this stage are uncanny in their daring, such as the description of the unhappy wife returning to the chamber of death and finding that her dead husband's eyes are open, and that the coins she has placed on his eyelids have fallen to the floor. There is unflinching grimness touched with pathos in the sequel. Inez, in her outburst of grief over her dead husband, has taken poison, and Morrice's spirit has returned too late from the Unknown to save her. The remaining chapters, which analyse Morrice's relations with Captain Hulse, are full of penetration. Mr. Bennett has done more notable work than "The Glimpse," but in firmness and sureness of handling it is equal to his best.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

A COMPARISON between the manner of Mr. Chesterton and that of Mr. Lucas would be mainly a study in contrasts, and two volumes of essays just published, "Tremendous Trifles," by Mr. Chesterton, and "One Day and Another," by Mr. Lucas (Methuen, 5s. each), show that the only quality common to both writers is that each has written essays which are excellent of their kind. Mr. Lucas is urbane, polished, and a trifle sentimental. Mr. Chesterton is hearty, slapdash, and sometimes perverse. Mr. Lucas chooses a subject with deliberation, looks for its most engaging aspect, and



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presents it to the reader dressed in as becoming a manner as he can. Mr. Chesterton is like a French fowler in that he lets fly at every bird that presents itself. The first subject he thinks of will serve his purpose. Accordingly, he takes hold of it in the oddest and most unexpected way he can imagine, tosses it about in a manner calculated to create the utmost possible bewilderment in the reader's mind, and then lays it aside with an air of calculated unconcern and assumed ingenuousness. Mr. Lucas woos his reader; Mr. Chesterton startles him. "Tous les genres sont bons, hors le genre ennuyeux," and neither Mr. Chesterton nor Mr. Lucas has yet shown any disposition to provoke boredom. Mr. Chesterton's "Tremendous Trifles," are reprinted from the "Daily News," and are described by their author as "a sort of sporadic diary—a diary recording one day in twenty which happened to stick in the fancy." The connecting thread which runs through most of them is the significance of the trivial, though several, and not the least entertaining, give us Mr. Chesterton's impressions of Continental scenes. Mr. Lucas derives most of his inspiration from books, and shows a pretty gift for presenting passages from out-of-the-way writers in a framework that sets them off to advantage. After books, cricket comes in a good second in Mr. Lucas's pages—we have a notion he would protest it ought to be first—and the two papers, "Winter Solace," and "A Rhapsodist at Lords," the latter treating of Francis Thompson's keen interest in cricket, are among the best in the volume. The reader who possesses these two little books together with Mrs. Meynell's "Ceres' Runaway," which we noticed a couple of weeks ago, will have the best of the season's output in that charming, though unhappily not very popular, literary form, the essay.

The Week in the City.

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THE last Stock Exchange account, concluded on Tuesday, was a remarkably prosperous one for brokers and dealers, more especially in the home industrial market, where prices have been rising in anticipation of the higher profits which should naturally follow a general improvement in trade. Home railways, however, have been unaccountably dull, and gilt-edged securities show a downward tendency in consequence of the rise in money and discounts. The increase of our Bank rate yesterday from 3 to 4 per cent. was expected, as the Directors obviously could not allow the reserve to be depleted without taking steps to attract gold. Consols fell a little in anticipation of the borrowing that will become necessary if the House of Lords throw out the Budget—a contingency which came home to the City when Lord Rothschild and his friends started their petition to the peers. Foreign bonds have also declined, the chief cause being the rise of the Berlin rate to 5 per cent. and the expectation of another big Imperial loan in Berlin. Financial conditions in Germany are unsatisfactory, and the Socialist triumph is considered to be an index of general discontent with the new taxes. The City petition to the Lords has proved a complete failure, and the opposition to the Budget is practically dead.

WHEAT, WOOL, AND RUBBER.

During the last few months the dearest important articles of commerce have been wheat, wool, and rubber. The price of wheat began to go down in August, and bread is happily already a halfpenny per quartern cheaper than it was in July. A further fall seems probable and will prove a boon to the working classes. Wool also rose during the spring and summer to prices resembling those which prevailed just before the disastrous slump of October and November, 1907. It seems to have reached its climax at the recent London sales; for telegrams from Australia, where sales are now proceeding, state that a decline of prices has occurred. This again is a favorable feature, for just as the

decline of wheat is caused by the abundance of the world's harvest, so the decline in wool is caused not by any falling-off in the demand for cloth, but by the flourishing condition of the Australian sheep runs which have just yielded a record clip of wool. The price of rubber still stands at an absurd figure, and the trade is living from hand to mouth. The difficulty here is that rubber plantations take several years before they begin to produce anything, so that the price can only fall with the demand. The principal articles for which rubber is required are motor and bicycle tyres, goloshes, waterproofs, and electrical apparatus. Ceylon and the Malay peninsula appear to offer the best conditions of soil and climate for the cultivation of tame rubber, and the plantations are now being made at a great rate, as the number of new rubber companies floated in London may serve to testify. Unfortunately, the financial methods adopted by their promoters have encouraged gambling.

INDUSTRIALS.

Now that trade is improving, investors ought to be turning again to the industrial market, though whether the demand for these shares will actually revive is a point on which I should not like to be dogmatic. But it may be useful to indicate the sort of return that an investor can expect when he buys in this market. The yield, of course, varies enormously—from 3½ per cent. obtainable on J. and P. Coats, to very nearly 20 per cent., given by various motor shares that need not be considered. First-class industrial debenture stocks and preference shares yield about 4½ or 4½ per cent. On the ordinary shares of any manufacturing company, however prosperous, one ought, I think, to ask very little less than 5½. The ordinary shares of Brunner Mond and English Sewing Cotton and Harrod's Stores all yield about 5½ per cent. at their present prices. Such companies as these have the possibility of greater development and higher dividends in the future, but with industrials one can never be quite certain. So much depends on the personality of the managers that there is a very appreciable element of speculation in buying even the soundest of the ordinary shares. Many people would prefer a railway stock like Buenos Ayres and Pacific second preference, which gives very nearly 5 per cent. to an industrial giving 5½. Investors who like fishing in troubled waters may be interested in a few high yields to be had from the shares of rather unsuccessful companies. Calico Printers preference give nearly 6½ per cent. at present, and it is not so long since the company was paying an ordinary dividend of 6½. British Aluminium preference yield 8½ per cent., and in this case, too, there have in the past been good ordinary dividends, though at present the company is very unsuccessful. Associated Cement preference yield between 8½ and 9, while Savoy Hotel ordinary give 10 per cent., and it is reported that a champagne lunch is thrown in with the annual meeting. Investors with a taste for high yields may like to consider some of these shares, but they should be careful.

JAPANESE RAILWAYS.

The nationalisation of the railways in Japan is not proving a financial success. According to an estimate of the Railway Bureau, the revenue for next year is estimated at 90,000,000 yen in round figures, and the expenditure about 51,500,000 yen, leaving a balance of 38,500,000 yen. Of this sum about 32,500,000 yen must be deducted for interest on railway bonds and money borrowed from the Deposit Bureau in the Finance Department, leaving a net profit of not more than 6,000,000 yen (£600,000). This is the total amount available to be added to the capital account for the cost of improving the existing lines and constructing the proposed lines, for which it is estimated 29,470,000 yen will be required next year. The authorities are accordingly straining every nerve to devise ways and means for raising the money to cover the deficit. Moreover, the railway authorities have to balance an outstanding deficit for the last two years, amounting to 7,000,000 yen. The Railway Bureau, according to the "Hochi," proposes to increase the passenger fares in order to obtain additional revenue. Yet a socialistic parson told the Church Conference that if we nationalised our railways we should be able to increase wages 30 per cent. and lower freights by the same amount! On the Mexican lines, which have also been recently nationalised, the highly-paid foreign employees are being turned off to make way for cheaper Mexican hands. The change adds to the risks of travelling.

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